

THE
Miscellaneous
WORKS,
IN
PROSE and VERSE,
OF
MRS. MARY LATTER,
Of READING, Berks. *K*

In Three PARTS.

*Let 'em censure, What care I?
The Herd of Critics I defy:
Let the Wretches know I write
Regardless of their Grace or Spite!*

PRIOR.

READING:

Printed and sold by C. Pocock, MDCCCLIX.

Sold also by J. WILKIE in *St. Paul's Church-yard*,
London; J. WIMPEY in *Newbury*, and R. AILLEN
in *Basingstoke*.

W. O. R. K. S.



2. T. A. P.

The first of these is the fact that the
 Government has been unable to secure
 the necessary funds to carry out its
 policy of non-interference in the
 internal affairs of the country.

COMPTON

Printed and sold by C. F. Johnson, M.D.C.C.LX.
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 in Dublin.

TO
Mrs. LOVEDAY,

At CAVERSHAM in Oxfordshire,

THIS
VOLUME
OF
Miscellaneous WORKS,
IS

(With great Esteem and Gratitude)

Humbly Dedicated,

BY

Her most obliged,

And obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

T O

Mrs. LOVEDAY,

At Caversham in Oxfordshire.

T H I S

V O L U M E



Miscellaneous WORKS,

1 2

(With great Effecm and Gratitude)

Humbly Dedicated,

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The Author.

P R E F A C E.

WHATEVER may be the Success of the following Sheets, I dare not flatter myself with the Expectation of better Usage from the Public, than those of my Sex who have wrote before me: And I hope the many Disappointments of far greater Consequence I have already met with and surmounted, and the many greater which yet I have Reason to fear, will be sufficient to make me indifferent in regard to the Fate of this Trifle, whether it be good or bad. If the Judicious will be candid enough to allow a little for the Disadvantages consequent from a common Female Education, perhaps the Errors too conspicuous to be concealed may lay claim to some Degree of Extenuation; yet far is it from my utmost Vanity to hope that they will be totally exempt from Censure.

As

As to that litigious Set of Creatures generally distinguished by the Appellation of CAVILLERS (a Party of which, I am inform'd, have already provided themselves with a heavy, incongruous Heap of abusive Scurrility, in order, if possible, whatever its Share of Merit may be, to oppose and retard the Sale of the Book, and render it contemptible: And, so far as I can learn, for no other than this most impertinent, insignificant, and ridiculous Reason; namely, a malicious, mean-spirited, unmerited, PERSONAL Prejudice against the Author!) From SUCH, however dreadful they may appear, I shall neither expect or request any Favour; as I am not in the least disposed to TREMBLE at their uncouth and vociferous Rage: Being well aware, that they are at worst no otherwise to be regarded, than an ASS in a LION'S Skin.*

Were I under any fearful Apprehensions from this formidable Herd (who with tremendous Faces full of solemn Severity would stare one into

* Some judge of Authors by their Names, and then Nor praise, nor blame the Writings, but the Men.

into silent Confusion) perhaps I might servilely conjure them to let me pass unobserv'd, among innumerable others of the Pamphleteering Class, who perish almost as soon as they appear. But I presume I shall be treated by them much after the same Manner, whether (as says an Author) I sneak into Public with " By your Leave, Gentlemen," or boldly enter with " Stand by, Clear the Way!

It is probable that this Assurance of mine may by SOME be supposed to proceed from the near Alliance they conceive I bear to the LONG-EAR'D Animal just now mention'd: Which Opinion I shall by no Means in this Preface endeavour to refute; lest those who entertain it should be induc'd to suspect, that I have some Design of concealing the Relationship: But tho' Abundance of that Family are remarkably guilty of this Folly, far be it from me to be ashamed of my Kin!

I would not hereby be thought saucily to insinuate a nearer Consanguinity than in Reality I bear: Neither would I have People imagine that

that I take Pride to myself on account of having so many SUPERIOR Relations: For to confess the Truth, it would be no very grievous Mortification to me, were I from henceforth neglected, affronted, despised, and disown'd by every Individual of this ancient, numerous, and supercilious Family. To conclude:

If I am happy enough to merit the Favour and good Opinion of the Ingenious and Ingenuous, I shall not be very solicitous for the Applause of those, who make it their Business, and take infinitely more Pains to find out, and expose the Faults and Blemishes of their Neighbours, than they would care to employ in correcting and subduing any, tho' much greater Errors of their own.



PART I.

Epistolary Correspondence.

To Miss —

Dear MYRA,

SINCE you desire me to mention every *Particular* we met with during our Stay in —shire, you must excuse a thousand Impertinences, and forgive me for being prolix; as perhaps it may be necessary to intersperse a few Conversation-Pieces, by which you will be able to form a more lively Idea of the Manner in which our Time was spent. I have for this Purpose several Sheets of Post-fine before me; being determined not to make use of your Apology, “That the Paper is so full it will hold no “more.” And am also resolved to give no Occasion for your constant Complaint, “That my “Letters are never long enough.” I shall, on the

contrary, expect to hear that you took two or three Naps before you came to the End of this: Not that I would insinuate your being addicted to sleep over any thing but a *dreaming* Subject; or, which is worse, when a Topic is treated as tho' the Author *dreamed*. And, this Infirmary is so natural to your humble Servant, that nothing, I suppose, would more surprize you, than to find me expressing myself on any Subject as if I was awake! I shall not therefore offer any thing by way of Defence; for, as you have drawn the Fatigue of this Epistle upon yourself, you must be content to take it for your Pains.

First then, We arrived safe at our Journey's End. This Particular I informed you of in a Letter from thence, but I proceeded no farther: Not even to tell you how intolerably weary we were. But as that appears to be a very notable Particular among the rest of our Adventures, I could not pass it by in this Place without singular Notice. We met with the kindest Reception from the Farmer and his Spouse, and an honest Welcome, infinitely preferable to those burthensome Ceremonies we are obliged to acquiesce with, when among the polite and fashionable Part of the World.

My Cousin and self were no sooner in Bed, than we fell into a profound Sleep, notwithstanding that vain Creature Mr. ——— told us, we should not have a Wink for thinking on him.

I desire

I desire you to assure the vain Wretch we both for ourselves declare, that neither of us thought on him, except one transient Remembrance of the immoderate Laugh with which we treated ourselves at the Expence of his intolerable dirty Shirt and greasy laced Waistcoat. My Cousin owns she dreamt of him (don't tell him *that*, though). But, what signifies it? One dreams of People sometimes, you know, that one does not think on once in half a Year.

Early in the Morning my Cousin and I arose, and took a Walk in the Garden, Orchards, &c. It was, however, so very dewy, that we had enough to do to clean our draggled Tails before my Aunt came down. As it was *Saturday* Morning, the two Maids were busied in cleaning the House; and the Farmer's Wife, who takes the Charge of the Dairy upon herself, was beating up her Butter, which when she had finish'd, and put the Cheese in the Press, we went to Breakfast, which was over by Eight o'Clock. Presently afterwards the Farmer came in, and accosted us thus: "Well, Ladies; the Squire and I have
" been walking together, and he knows you
" are come to ——" And what then? says my Cousin. "Why then, he ask'd if you were
" handsome, (for you must know the Squire
" likes all the pretty Girls) and I told him, Yes."
O you wicked Wretch, replies my Cousin, How could you tell him such an arrant Fib? I had

rather you had represented us as ugly as *Punch*.
“ Why, if I had told him so, I should only
“ have been d——n’d for a Liar, after he had
“ seen you.”

My Cousin was most heartily vexed that the Farmer should think of saying any such Thing; but, as the Squire knew neither of us, we determined to keep out of his Sight; for he might very innocently think us both handsome, if he had no ocular Proof to the contrary, which we were resolv’d he never should, as he had been represented to us before as a miserable Rake; a Character which, you know, always makes my Cousin tremble. The next Day was *Sunday*; and having been informed that the Squire had not been at Church upwards of two Years, we thought we might venture thither, without any Danger of meeting with him; when, lo! to the Astonishment of the whole Congregation, which amounted to near fifty People, about the Middle of the Litany came in the Squire, two Footmen, and three Dogs.

Whether it was done for the purpose, or not, I can’t say; but his Pew-Door was lock’d, and the Footman had brought the wrong Key; so he made no Ceremony to come into the Farmer’s, which was the adjoining one. As soon as he enter’d, he sat down, drew the Sessions-Papers out of his Pocket, and continued reading in them till Sermon began. I wonder’d what
Induce-

Inducement he had to lay them by then, but he told my Cousin afterwards it was to look at her; and whether that was his real Motive or not, it appeared to be so; for, placing himself directly opposite to her, she dared not look up all Church-Time, for fear of meeting his Eyes.

He was hardly out of the Church, before he invited himself to Dinner at the Farmer's, with which you may suppose neither my Cousin nor I were much pleased. At the Church-yard Gate, he accosted a poor Fellow about two or three Yards before us, with "Halloo, *Jack!* D—n you, come hither, you Whore's-Bird: What's the Reason you ha'n't hang'd that Dog yet?" Sir, an't please your Worship, he's a poor harmless Thing, he does no body any Harm. "Bl—d and Thunder, don't tell your d—n'd Lies to me: I can't keep a Hare in the Manor for him." He then turn'd to us, "Well, Ladies, how d'ye do? and how d'ye like *W——m?*" We told him, very well. "There, look before you, says he; there's a Brace of pretty Girls, and their Swains along with 'em! Now I say that's a Sight worth a Guinea." My Cousin replied, she would not give the hundredth Part of Six-pence to see a thousand such Sights, &c. With such-like Nonsense we pass'd the Time of our Walk home; where when we arrived, the Squire demanded, "What Observations we had made at Church?" Why, replied

my Cousin, I observed the worshipful Mr. ——— came in about half an Hour too late, and broke the Devotions of half the Congregation. ———

“ And pray, Madam, (to me) were your Observations any wiser?” I observ’d, replied I, that your Doctor made an excellent Sermon.

“ And that, return’d the Squire, may perhaps be the only Piece of Excellence he was ever guilty of in his Life. But, (to my Cousin) and was this the *only* Observation you made?”

Sir, I saw nothing else. “ No! Why, what the D—l were your Eyes made for? Are they given you only to deal Darts, and Wounds, and Death?” No, Sir; but I sat opposite to a Statue with a *brazen Face*, and great Saucer Eyes, who stared or *seem’d* to stare so tremendously I was afraid to look up. “ Excellently said, by *Jove!* it deserves a Kiss.” My Cousin never offer’d to move when he saluted her, at which he expressed some Amazement, adding, “ I did not think you could stand *Kissing* so well.” My Cousin replied, she had better give a *Fool* a Kiss, than be troubled with him. “ Then, Madam, I may of course have a Kiss whenever I request one.”

No indeed, says my Cousin, I spoke only in the *singular Number*. “ Be it then, says he, for ever in the *present Tense!*” and then began anew to torment her. She immediately sprung from him, and Dinner coming that Moment to the Table, prevented a farther Scuffle. The Squire placed himself

self next her, but she grew very grave, and desired him to give her Leave at least to dine in Quiet.

After Dinner the Farmer proposed a Pipe; but the Squire said, he never smoak'd among the Ladies. We both expressed our Surprize at this, the only Piece of good Manners we had observed in him hitherto; and added, that to us it was not offensive. "But I seldom smoke at all, says he, and would by no means do it now; for *I hate to behold Beauty through a Cloud.*" The *Souris malin*, with which he spoke this, convinced us he was much more *Hog* than *Ass*, as it was impossible for us not to comprehend that his *double Entendre* smote my Cousin on the Face, for her fullen Countenance; and in spite of Gravity, (which she could affect no longer) we both burst into Laughter. "O *Sheridan*, says the Squire, how just is thy Observation!" And, Pray, Sir, says the Farmer's Wife, what Observation is that? "What I mean, Madam, is as follows:"

A Cloud is light by turns, and dark;

Such is a Lady with her Spark:

Now, with a fullen pouting Gloom,

She seems to darken all the Room:

Again she's pleas'd; his Fear's beguil'd,

*And all is calm when she * has smil'd!*

* Waving his Hand at my Cousin.

*In this they're wond'rously alike,
 (I hope the Simile will strike)
 Tho' in the darkest Dumps you view 'em,
 Stay but a Moment, you'll see thro' 'em.*

This drew a hearty Laugh upon my Cousin, who was a little provoked on being (as she thought) outwitted: However, her Pique was over in a Moment, and she immediately join'd the Conversation, which then turn'd upon Books: But that did not hold long; for tho' the Farmer had been a great Reader, and had a Taste for Books far beyond what is generally found in one of his Occupation, yet the Squire did not care to enlarge much upon the Subject, though his Remarks were really judicious, and he was (when out of his rattling Airs) a Man of Ingenuity and Sense. But his favourite Topics seem'd to be Horse-racing and Fox-hunting; which I found had been his principal Amusements ever since his Father's Death, who, while he lived, confined his Son pretty close to his Studies.

From Fox-hunting they turn'd the Subject to *Politics*. The Squire was a warm Tory, and swore he was determined to stand for Knight of the Shire with Sir H—— C—— at the next general Election; and, “D—n 'em, (the Whigs) says he, “we'll oppose 'em in every thing.” The Farmer was a little on the Low Party, and the Argument continued near an Hour. At length,
 “Pray,

“ Pray, says the Farmer turning to me, Am not
“ I in the right, Miss?” And, “ Pray, says the
“ Squire turning to my Cousin, Am not I in
“ the right, Miss?” We excused ourselves by
quoting Mr. SPECTATOR’s Observation, That
talking on Politics made the Womens Noses look
red. “ Besides, added my Cousin, ’tis quite out
“ of our Latitude; for the Women have no
“ Share in the Legislature.” The Squire had
not Time to reply, before the Doctor came in;
who was no sooner asked to sit down, than the
Squire took his Leave in a Manner which plain-
ly shewed there was no very good Harmony be-
tween them; the Occasion of which, as we af-
terwards learnt, was as follows.

The Doctor had taken an Opportunity of re-
prehending the Squire with respect to his vicious
Course of Life, and earnestly (though privately)
admonished him to forsake it. This he chose
rather to do by Letter * than Words, as he knew
the Squire would not bear a personal Reprimand.
Notwithstanding this Caution of the Doctor’s,
the Squire thought proper to resent his whol-
some Advice; and (I think a little ungenerously)
refused any longer to pay 20 *l.* a Year to the
Doctor, which was a Stipend left by an An-
cestor of the Family, to augment the Profits of
the Rectory. The Doctor, after using many

* I beg’d a Copy of this Letter from the Doctor, and
will send you a Transcript of it in my next.

fruitless

fruitless Intreaties with the Squire to pay him peaceably, was at length compell'd to use the Rod of the Law, and scourge him into Compliance. This so exasperated the Squire, that, the Doctor's Affairs calling him to *London* for a considerable Time, the Squire presented him at the next Visitation for Non-Residence. The Doctor then put the Squire into the Spiritual Court on account of a Bastard Child. The Squire inveighs against the Doctor's Ingratitude, his Father having presented him with the Living. The Doctor does the same against the Squire for his Insolence; who, because he is Master of some Thousands a Year, thinks *that* a Licence to tyrannize over all whose Power and Wealth are inferior to his.

I found the Doctor an excellent Scholar, and a very judicious conversible Man. We discoursed a long time on *Natural Philosophy*, which purchased me abundance of Compliments from the Doctor, who seemed extremely pleased to find me (as he said) understand so abstruse a Subject so well. Whether he really meant thus or not, the *seeming* Approbation of so great a Judge could not fail of pleasing, and especially on a Subject which requires *some* Application, and a small Share (at least) of Genius to comprehend. I observed the Farmer listen'd with most profound Attention and Silence to the Doctor; but when he discoursed on Light, in which he

he took Notice, That it was not more than seven or eight Minutes coming to us from the Sun; yet a Cannon Bullet, continuing its utmost Velocity, would be a vast Number of Years (I think he said several Thousands) before it arrived at that Source of Light—The Farmer could be silent no longer! “Good Lord, Doctor, says he; “why sure you don’t know what you say!” You would wonder more at an equal Truth, replied the Doctor; which is, That Light, notwithstanding its amazing Velocity, is more than thirty Years coming down to us from some of the Fix’d Stars; and that, tho’ they *appear* no more than a luminous Speck in the Heavens, they are nevertheless larger than the Earth or Sun. The Farmer at these Words put on an Air of Astonishment, which would have given a graver Person than you or I, a most immoderate Fit of Laughing: For though, as I told you before, he had read a good deal, he had never perused any thing of this Kind in his Life: And concluded himself sufficiently learned in that Science; because he knew very well that the Earth eclipses the Moon, and the Moon eclipses the Sun.

I ask’d the Doctor his Opinion of the Planets, Whether he thought them habitable Worlds? as some of our most refined Philosophers seem to believe them such. His Answer was (I think) full of solid Sense and Divinity. I will give you the Substance of it, though it is impossible
for

for me to deliver it in that Elegance with which the Doctor expressed himself, and which I observed to be quite natural to him on all Occasions.

“ Tho’ I don’t think it necessary to Salvation
“ to *believe* every Notion that PHILOSOPHY ad-
“ vances; yet, I think it not inconsistent with
“ Reason to *assent* to an Hypothesis in which we
“ can prove no Absurdity, or bring any Argu-
“ ment of equal Weight against it: And I de-
“ clare I can’t see any Reason why other Planets
“ may not be replenish’d with *Rational Beings*
“ as well as this (for our Earth is a Planet).
“ They, as does the Earth, move in constant
“ Revolution round the Sun; sometimes nearer,
“ sometimes farther off; some in a shorter,
“ others in a longer Time. *Mercury*, the least,
“ revolves round the Sun in eighty-eight Days
“ nearly; whereas *Saturn*, the largest, is more
“ than twenty-nine Years in finishing his Course.
“ And these *all* move in exact Proportion to their
“ Densities and Magnitudes, as regularly as the
“ Earth. Nay, the whole Host of Heaven move
“ with exquisite Harmony, nor have they been
“ known to vary or change in the most minute
“ Circumstance, since first they gratefully sung
“ together, and the Sons of God shouted for
“ Joy! Besides, this Hypothesis much redounds
“ to the Honour of Almighty God; as it is
“ more agreeable to his infinite Perfections to
“ suppose

“ suppose he has replenish’d these Orbs with an
 “ intelligent Race, than to fancy he made them
 “ merely for us to gaze at. Had he, perhaps, only
 “ consider’d US in the amazingly stupendous
 “ Work of the Creation, he could undoubtedly
 “ so have placed the Earth as to have receiv’d
 “ continually attenuated Light by the Rays
 “ of the Sun refracted by our Atmosphere;
 “ but he, who ever made Ornament subser-
 “ vient to Use, had undoubtedly more glo-
 “ rious Purposes to fulfil, than to put so many
 “ Lamps in the System for the Service of Man
 “ alone: ’Tis a proud, presumptuous Thought!
 “ What Advantage is it to us that the Planets,
 “ &c. move round the Sun? If they continued
 “ always in one Position, it might have been
 “ equally serviceable to Mankind. They there-
 “ fore, as we may innocently and reasonably
 “ believe, have had the Laws of Motion, Gra-
 “ vitation, and Attraction impelled on them for
 “ the Benefit of those Beings ordained to people
 “ those (to us) inexplicable Regions. I confess it
 “ is impossible to be absolutely certain in regard
 “ to the *Reality* of this Doctrine, but it is so far
 “ from being *impossible*, that, in my Judgment,
 “ it is highly *probable*. Be it as it may, we
 “ ought, with Hearts overflowing with a lively
 “ Sense of Gratitude, humbly to acknowledge
 “ the unspeakable Bounties and Mercies of the
 “ Almighty; and to declare his Goodness to
 “ us

“ us sinful Wretches, who may, for all we
 “ know to the contrary, be of his *lowest* Works.
 “ For, *Who hath known the Mind of the Lord?*
 “ or, *Who hath been his Counsellor?*”

The Doctor, as he utter'd these Words, seem'd wrapp'd in Admiration (if I may so say) by the Sublimity of his Subject. The Farmer sat like the Statue of Astonishment; and my Cousin and self were almost ready to idolize the Doctor for his elegant Method of Reasoning: And particularly, because that, notwithstanding his own Conviction, he did not pretend to *impose* his Opinion dogmatically upon others.

Supper being ready, the Doctor favour'd us with his Company; after which, the Topic was POETRY, and the Doctor insist'd on my pointing out some of my favourite Passages among the Pieces I had read. Tho' I blush'd with Confusion at this unexpected Request, yet I was oblig'd to acquiesce, but with Reluctance: He then was pleas'd to compliment me on my *judicious Taste*, as he call'd it (for, with all his Accomplishments, I found he was no Stranger to the infallible Method of soothing the Vanity of our Sex). After this he repeated some Verses of his own composing when at *Oxford*, and a most sublime Poem on the *Resurrection*. In short, 'twas near Twelve o'Clock before we parted. He made us promise him a Visit, which we did with Pleasure, assuring ourselves vast Satisfaction

faction in his Acquaintance; for you must know my Cousin, tho' so smart a Girl, is no very great Adept in this Science; but I believe the Doctor has rais'd a Curiosity in her Mind sufficient to engage her in the Study of it.

The next Morning the Farmer was ready to ask me a thousand Questions, and I found the Doctor had excited a Curiosity likewise in him, which it was beyond my superficial Ability to satisfy. He was under vast Anxiety to apprehend the Possibility of *splitting* (as he term'd it) the Rays of the Sun. It was impossible for me to convince him that they were really and essentially divided, tho' to the naked Eye it was imperceptible. He would not let me rest till I sent a Compliment to the Doctor, requesting the Favour of him to lend me a Prism. The Doctor, I suppose, guess'd the Reason of this Request; for he sent me a Prism, a lenticular Glass, a *Camera Obscura*, and some others which I hardly knew the Use of. The Farmer cut a Hole in the Window-shutter, and darken'd the Room; which done, I presented the Prism to the Hole, when, to the Farmer's great Astonishment, behold, the Rays of the Sun were separated! From thence I told the Farmer it was evident, that the seven Colours he then distinctly perceived, were really, and at all Times, existent in the Light; and consequently, that they, *united*, are the white Colour, as which it always appears to

to us. To prove this, I took the lenticular Glass, which re-collected the Rays in its Focus to a round Spot of White. It is impossible to enumerate half the Farmer's Observations and Animadversions on this amazing Glass! He ask'd if I knew the Inventor? I told him, I thought it was Sir *Isaac Newton*. "Ay, ay," says the Farmer, 'tis very likely to be him: "He was a rare Scholard, to be sure! I have heard talk of that same Sir *Isaac* many times." From thenceforth he was eternally pestering and puzzling me with Questions, which, Heaven knows, were far beyond my poor Capacity to answer. My Knowledge in such Affairs being very small, I referr'd him to the Doctor for that Satisfaction which I was not able to give him myself. And because it was impossible for *me* to demonstrate the Truth of several Assertions, the Farmer, though almost ravish'd with this new Science, continued half an Infidel, and half convicted.

The following Day a wealthy neighbouring Farmer, his Wife, a Son, and two Daughters, were by Invitation appointed to dine with us. When they enter'd the Room, we rose up to receive them, and they return'd the Compliments necessary on such Occasions, *à la mode de Campagne*. My Cousin and I soon saw the two Daughters imagin'd themselves extremely polite. No sooner

sooner were they seated, and the shy Fit* gone off, than they proceeded to give an exact Account of the Fashions predominant among the fine Ladies at the Market-Town where they vended their Butter and Cheese; during which the old Ladies were busy in contriving an antiquated Piece of Patch-work (originally design'd by the Farmer's Wife's Mother for a Bed-Quilt) into an Elbow-Chair; as they conjectur'd that in this Form it would be an elegant Ornament to the great Hall. While this weighty Affair was on the Tapis, old Daddy and Son *Dick* returned from a Visit with which they had honoured the Farmer's Barley-Rick. "Ad drownd
" it, says *Dick*, look our Father! That same
" Thingum wou'd do rarely well to make a
" Houz'n for our Squire's gray Mare as run at
" last Reaces!" This caused a universal Laugh; though none was so well pleased as *Dick*, who chuckled at the Brightness of his own Wit a full Hour afterwards.

When Dinner came in, and the Company were seated, *Dick* grasped his Knife and Fork with most heroic Valour. I was dubious whether he had not some sly Design against the Summer-Tree, as the Weapons were pointed directly to the Cieling; but on due Examina-

* Which is generally observable in that Class when they first appear among new Company.

tion I found his Eyes were stedfastly fix'd on an excellent Fillet of Veal well stuff'd with Forc'd-meat. This proved indeed to be the very Enemy he had armed himself to engage with, and from which he valiantly mangled a most enormous Slice. Had the poor Half-Joint suffer'd a quarter so much from any one else at the Table, I believe but a small Part would have remained for *Manners*. A Leash of Partridges, with which the Squire had presented us, came next under *Dick's* Observation; who, not regarding Legs or Wings, struck his Fork into a whole one, and dividing it into two unequal Parts, return'd the least into the Dish. "The lawk, "our *Dick*, (says his eldest Sister) 'tis a Zign "thee be'st n't used to dine wi' Gentlefoaks!" "Belike nat, says *Dick*, but a body may yeat "for all that zure!"

Whether he would avoid giving Trouble, or whether induced by some superior Cause I cannot pretend to determine; but by endeavouring to reach a Glas that stood (*where People of Quality put their Side-Table*) a Yard or two from him, down fell his Plate and all the Contents thereof upon his new Coat. "Ah *Dick*, says "his Mother, smacking her Tongue, thee wast "born to do thyzilf a Mischief I think!" "Odrattle the Saase, says *Dick*; I have spwoil'd "my Roast-meat Cloa's, by *Juno*!" "Ay, "says the Sister, see what comes of Spite; now "he's

“ he’s paid for daabing my Eaporn zo a while.”
 “ Lawk a dazy, cries *Dick*, licking the Flap of
 “ his Coat; oonly hark o’ Maddum tho’! Why I
 “ reckons upon a Bit o Pudin mun far aal this! I
 “ war’nt you thought as how t’would spwoil my
 “ Dinner.” “ Dinner undeed! replied she, thee
 “ hast yeat Dinner enough a’redy to far our old
 “ Cifley and her nine Pigs.” Thee hold *thy*
 “ Tongue do, says *Dick*, or else I’ll tell ’em aal
 “ how much Apple-pie thee hast been a cram-
 “ ming o’thin this two Howers.”—My Cousin
 and I had hitherto behaved with great Gravi-
 ty, but could hold it, alas, no longer; for, in
 Spite of all our Efforts to the contrary, we
 burst into Laughter. *Dick* doubled his Word
 in regard to the Pudding, nor was he in the least
 behind with some Codlin Tarts and Custards,
 which were also at Table.

Dinner ended, the Men went into the Hall to
 smoke their Pipes, and the young Ladies enter-
 tained my Cousin and I with an Account of a
 Dancing they had lately been at, and as we ap-
 peared very attentive to the Recital, they imagin-
 ed us, I suppose, to be pleased with the Subject.
 One of them ask’d my Cousin whether she could
 foot it. My Cousin replied, she knew very little
 of Dancing; I said the same Thing: Then said
 the youngest, “ You shall soon know moore on’t:
 “ We’ll have one at our House if Vather wool
 “ let us.” “ A, and so we wool, says the eldest,

“ and we’ll ha’t in our Cheefe-Room ; there
“ can’t be a better Place when the Cheeses and
“ Binches be out of the Woy.” “ And zo we
“ wool, by *Juno*,” cries *Dick*, (who had been
listening behind the Door) and then came caper-
ing and shaking his Heels like some Mounte-
bank’s Merry Andrew : “ And faath Madum,
“ continues he to my Cousin, you shall be my
“ Pardenor.” My Cousin excused herself, say-
ing, she knew so little of Dancing that it
would be impertinent in her to attempt it.
“ Oddrown it mun, says *Dick*, why you may
“ larn a Country Dance in a Quarter of an
“ Ower. My Cousin replied, she would sooner
“ chuse to look on, than to put out the rest of
“ the Company.” “ Why you Fool you, says
“ *Dick*, I tells you as how you may larn in a
“ Quarter of an Ower.” “ No, Mr. *Richard*,
“ answer’d my Cousin, I am not so quick a
“ Scholar.” “ What a Pot-led should ail you?
“ says *Dick*, you won’t know how to help it
“ when you zees we do’t: Howsomever, you
“ can but try.” “ Why undeed, says, his Mo-
“ ther, ’tis very pretty to zee ’um: An I was
“ young, I was deadly fond on’t myzilf: And
“ for that Matter our *Dick*’s rare and handy at
“ it, for all ’tis our *Dick*, and I shouldn’t say
“ so; and so be the Wenches too.” — In a
Word, the Dancing was concluded on; and as
they were pleased to pass the Compliment of
telling

telling us they made it *on our Account*, we were oblig'd to promise them our Company, but begg'd to be excus'd from standing up as Dancers. "A well, says *Dick* to my Cousin, if you "wont dance I doant kear, I can have another "Pardenor I waund ye."

Tea being then brought in, I ask'd *Dick* to be Partner with me in a Dish of Tea: "Nat I, "by Joll, Mistress, says *Dick*: A Parcel of "na-asty Rat-gut Stuff—'tis oonly vit to send "the Wimen Vokes to the Jurdan." And so saying, he walk'd into the other Room, and renew'd his Pipe. During Tea, and for some Time afterwards, the Company were busied in chusing People for this *great* Ball, in which my Cousin and I were inevitably included, tho' forely against our Wills.

After Supper, (at which it is needless to repeat his Heroism) *Dick's* Liquor began to operate on what in other People we call Brains, and his Tongue ran, as says the Proverb, nineteen to the Dozen. When it began to draw near Midnight, the Company thought it Time to break up; *Dick* went reeling foremost with a most extraordinary sober Countenance, the rest follow'd in Order.—Alas, for *Dick*! unhappy Youth! He was no sooner out of the Farmer's Yard than, blundering over the Cart-rout, he pitch'd Head-forward into the Horse-pond, and —

“ *Let sordid Nightmen tell the rest,*

“ *Who relish the unsavoury Jest.*”

SAVAGE.

He would not however be prevail'd on to go back again, for fear (as he said) the Women Vokes should laugh at him: But the Farmer's Man, who went to fasten the Gate after them, and whom he forgot to *bribe* to *Secrecy*, related the unfortunate Adventure the Moment he came in. We all laugh'd indeed; so we verified *Dick's* Prediction, tho' he had not the Mortification to see it.

The *Thursday* following the Squire came in the Morning, and invited us to dine with him. We made a thousand Excuses, but he was too importunate to be denied: “ And, says he to me, “ There's the grave Cur my Brother from Ox-
“ *ford* too; He's as modest as a Maid, Miss:
“ You and he will agree mighty well together,
“ for he can't look a Woman in the Face with-
“ out blushing.” It amazes me to hear, answer'd I, that you are so near a-kin to *Modesty*.
“ Why, Faith, replies he, I don't know how it
“ it happens; I believe if I had been in my Fa-
“ ther's Place I should have given him a little
“ less of Wit, and more of Impudence.” I be-
lieve, replied I, you can't answer for that; but,
if Wit and Impudence were as communicable as
Wealth, your Brother and you might receive
equal

equal Benefit by the Exchange. The Squire laugh'd, swore he'd tell his Brother what I said; and adding that he should expect us at Two, took his Leave; and at Half after One o'Clock sent his Coach to fetch us. I regarded this as a violent Favour, considering his apparent Rusticity; but when we enter'd his House, we found he could behave with the utmost Politeness if he pleas'd.

His Brother answer'd entirely the Character he had given him: When he saluted us at coming in, his Colour came all in his Face. He chanc'd at Dinner to sit next to me, and the Squire (on Purpose to dash him) began, "'Tis his Way, Miss, and he can't help it I assure you: He *cannot* help it indeed." Can't help what? said we, both amaz'd! "Why, returns the Squire, if there is a pretty Girl in the Room, he certainly gets as near her as possibly he can." You should take yourself farther from my Cousin, replied I, before you call your Brother's Conduct in Question on that Account: I presume if there was larger Choice, Mr. C—— would not sit so near me. "No, no, says the Farmer, if Miss P—— was here, you would not have so much of him." The young Gentleman blush'd, and return'd a very polite Answer. "'Pshaw, says the Squire, don't mind him Miss: He'd say as much to twenty, one after another: That's only an Oxford Compliment."

“ Not unless I had *Oxford* Impudence, replied
 “ his Brother, and you won’t allow me a Profi-
 “ cient in that Science.” “ Considering you
 “ have been at *Oxford* for these seven Years,
 “ says the Squire, you must own yourself to be
 “ a very poor one.” “ Because, says the other
 “ smiling, *You* have my *Birbright*; for Impu-
 “ dence ought to have been *my* Inheritance, not
 “ yours.” There seem’d abundantly more Af-
 fection between the two Brothers, than is often
 seen, or indeed might reasonably be expected,
 where the Dispositions are so widely different.

After Dinner, the young Doctor (for so the
 Squire always call’d his Brother) and I had a very
 smart Argument concerning *Love*, in which he
 beat me all to pieces, and for which I was almost
 in Love with him myself (Pray tell Mr. ———
 I prefer the young Doctor a thousand Degrees
 before him, only Fortune has plac’d him in such
 superior Circumstances, that I am sure we shall
 never come together.)

We then took a Walk in the Gardens, Wilder-
 ness, &c. all which were contriv’d with great Ele-
 gance of Taste. I told the Squire I wonder’d
 how the duce he came to have such bright Ideas
 in this respect; or rather, that his elegant Way
 of *thinking* never appear’d, at least that I could
 distinguish, in his Conversation! (For you must
 know that the rougher the Compliment, the bet-
 ter he lik’d it, and he never took any thing ill
 that

that my Aunt, Cousin, or I, said to him) “ My
“ Elegance of Taste, Ladies, said he, does not
“ consist in *making* fine Speeches, but in *doing*
“ civil Things.” “ Yes, says the young Doctor,
“ my Brother does civil Things in so rustical a
“ Manner, that those who are Strangers to his
“ Disposition would wonder sometimes what he
“ meant by’t.”

When we return’d from our Walk, Tea and
Coffee were brought in, which was not over five
Minutes before the Squire desir’d his Brother to
let us hear his Dexterity on an Organ which
stood in the great Parlour. The young Doctor
play’d us several charming Pieces of Music, with
a most masterly Hand indeed, which nothing
but his Voice could excel. The Squire requested
my Cousin and I to join his Brother, but we
both declar’d off with great Resolution. “ Nay,
“ Come, come, (says the Squire to my Cousin)
“ I know *you* can, and by G— you shall, and
“ so let’s have no unnecessary Apologies.” Sing-
ing you know is one of those Talents which my
Cousin buries in a Napkin, for, notwithstanding
the Excellence of her Voice, few but Friends are
favour’d with it. However, finding all Evasions
useless, she made them promise to insist on no
more than one, and then sung (to the Tune of,
One Evening as I lost my Way)

Great A, little a, b, c, d,
e, f, g, h, i, k, l, m,

n, o,

n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u,

w, x, y, z.

Great A, little a, b, c, d,

e, f, g, h, i, k, l, m,

n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u,

w, x, y, z!

This Song, and the droll Manner in which my Cousin sung it, raised an universal Laugh: The Squire and his Brother call'd *encore* several Times to no Purpose: We pass'd the whole Evening extremely merry, after which the Squire himself drove us home in his Coach. It was a full Mile, and we reach'd it in five Minutes, so judge what a Coachman and Horses we had!

On *Sunday* following we went to Church, where the Doctor preach'd a most excellent Sermon on the absolute Necessity of a true Faith, and in what it consisted. Nothing could have given me greater Satisfaction, for tho' I had heard Abundance of Sermons, few of them had happen'd on that Subject. After Church, the Doctor came up to us, and made a very obliging Apology to excuse his Spouse who was to have paid us a Visit, but was prevented by his Daughter's Illness. We had received a Card Compliment on the Occasion before, but the Doctor did not think that sufficient. However, as Miss was much better, the Doctor intreated all Formality might be laid aside, and that we would come and take a Dinner with him on *Tuesday*; but

but the Farmer (on Account of some Fair at which he had Business) beg'd it off till the following Day.

When *Monday* came, my Cousin and I were both in the Hip all the Morning on account of the Dancing Expedition, to which we were oblig'd to go with only the Farmer: For as my Aunt desir'd to be excused, his Wife staid at home to keep her Company. We had been there but a few Minutes before (to our great Amazement) the Squire and his Brother came in. What in the Name of Nonsense, said we, could bring you both hither? "We heard (replied " they aside to us) that you were to dance here " To-night, and we came to be your Partners." We told them that the Company imagin'd us both to be quite ignorant of the Matter. "That's " excellent, replied the Squire, don't undeceive " them; we shall then have a different Share of " Mirth to theirs for ourselves."

In a short Time after the Squire and his Brother came in, the Men began to chuse their Partners. *Dick* came up to my Cousin and whisper'd thus: "You maunt teak it amiss as I " doant ax ye; being you zed tother Night " as how you had rather nat be ax'd." Tho' this was undoubtedly a very clownish Apology, nothing could have pleased my Cousin better, as we were both determin'd to avoid (if possible) dancing at all: But the Squire, who (as all the
rest

rest of the Company might have done) overheard him; replied, O Mr. *Richard*, If the young Lady chuses to dance, I shall think it a Happiness to stand as her Partner myself. "O lawk
"Zir, and thank'ee, says *Dick*, with a Bow,
"that wooll be deadly kind undeed; and we
"shall be main glad an your Honor please to
"dance wi' us!" Well, I don't know, says the Squire; we must see first, Farmer, whether we dare venture among you: Perhaps we may find you all so expert that we may be afraid to join you. "Ad drownd it, says *Dick*, I dunno what
"to zay to that; but an please your Honor
"a-bleeve you woant often zee better, *that's*
"plain." At these Words the young Doctor gave me a Twitch on the Elbow which awaken'd my Risibility, and the Squire and he look'd so humourously grave, that it was impossible for either my Cousin or self to forbear laughing. The Company seem'd emulous of excelling each other in order to merit the Squire's Approbation, which he generously gave to every one according to their Merit, tho' to none so much as *Dick*; who jump'd about like a Magpie in a Common, on the Honour of the Squire's Commendation.

At Ten o'Clock we were call'd to Supper, after which the Squire coming up to my Cousin began thus. "Come Miss, you have worn the Mask of Ignorance long enough, so off with it directly, and be my Partner in a Minuet." His
Brother

Brother made the same Request at the same Time to me. Being equally confounded at this unexpected Intreaty, we both protested most devoutly our equal Incapacity: The young Doctor said he would by no Means desire any Thing of me which was in the least disagreeable, but the Squire was resolutely determin'd in regard to my Cousin. — “Nay P—x, none of your If’s and But’s, says the Squire, for by G— you shall dance a Minuet.” This drew the whole Company upon my Cousin, and every one join’d in the Squire’s Desire, till Importunity made it unavoidable. I saw she was thoroughly provok’d with the Squire, not having the least Idea of being thus taken in. However, she perform’d extremely well notwithstanding her Confusion; and I assure you the Squire is a charming Dancer. They then danc’d a Rigadoon; afterwards the Louvre: All which Time the young Doctor jogg’d me to observe the different Emotions in the several Faces then present. Indeed they appear’d like as many Statues of Surprise: I really thought I must have been choak’d with laughing at *Dick* and two or three other Loobies who stood near us during the Performance. “Look, Look, says one, how our Squire’s Veet goes!” “Adzoons, says another, The Squire keapers as quick as the Tumbler at the Poppet-Show.” “They’ll vlee umby mun,” says a Third. “Odd rattle it, says *Dick* (with great Eagerness) “I wool

“I wool larn to doo’t — I wool, by *Juno*, if it
“coft’es me ten Shillins!” In a word, all had
something to say — and

Their Wonder witness’d by an Idiot Laugh!

DRYDEN.

The Squire and my Cousin then resign’d the
Room to the Company, and joined them in a
Country Dance, as did the young Doctor and
myself. As they desired the Squire to call what
Dances he and my Cousin approved of, they
call’d one most intolerable hard, which per-
plex’d the rest of the Company extremely: One
ran one Way, and one the other; and *Dick* be-
ing lost among the rest bawls out, “Why, what
“a Pot-led be ye all a doing here ho? A body
“doan no where about to have ye here: What
“a Mutt’n! The Squire and you (to my Cou-
“sin) ha dun for’s now, by Gols: Convert it!
“Why, we didn’t learn to daunce at Coort,
“Mun.” My Cousin told him, she never
danced at Court any more than he. “Belike
“ye never may nuther, says *Dick*; but I can’t
“think whear o’ Divil’s Neam this Daunce
“was kwain’d for all that!” However, after
much Blundering, they all got into it at last,
and performed it tolerably well.

The Company broke up about Two in the
Morning, though several of them thought it full
soon. The Squire and his Brother, immediately
taking

taking Leave of the Farmer and us, departed; and, according to Country Custom, attended their Partners home.

On *Wednesday* I could not sleep after Four in the Morning, for thinking on the Visit we were to pay the Doctor, who had promised to shew us several Experiments with the Air-Pump, &c. We arose and dress'd ourselves in order to go so soon as Breakfast was over, not having Patience to stay for my Aunt and the Farmer's Wife, who did not propose to set out before Twelve o'Clock. We were there by Ten, and admitted into the Doctor's Study, which was lined with Books and Papers in abundance, and great Variety of Mathematical Instruments. The first Thing he made us observe was a Terrestrial Globe, on which were exhibited all the known and unknown Parts of the World. Then he proceeded to shew us the Method of understanding it: How to find the Length of Days, Variety of Seasons, &c. in any Part of the Earth: How many Degrees, Minutes, Seconds, &c. of Longitude and Latitude we were from them: In what Manner the Earth revolves round the Sun every Year, and every Day round its own Axis. I ask'd the Doctor his Opinion concerning that amazing Motion of the Earth mentioned by *Voltaire* in his *Elements* of Sir Isaac Newton's *Philosophy*. He answer'd, That he could not well tell what to think of it: That it had

had not, as he had yet heard, been thoroughly examined into: That even *Voltaire* himself mentioned it with seeming Diffidence. But, added he, if such a Motion *really is*, our boasted Knowledge of Philosophy is not so far advanced as we suppose it to be.

We then proceeded to the Celestial Globe, which describes our Solar System. The Doctor made us apprehend in what Manner the Planets and their respective Satellites revolve round their own Axes and round the Sun. “These Satellites, said he, are to me the most convincing Proofs that the Planets are habitable Worlds. I would not, Ladies, *insist* on your entertaining such a Notion; but to Me it appears quite evident, that *God* designed them for the same Purposes and Services to their respective Worlds, that the Moon, our Satellite, is to ours. And where is the Absurdity of supposing that the Fixed Stars are other Suns, that enlighten other Worlds? Indeed their inconceivable Distances render their Appearance no more to us than a Point; but were we as near to any one of them as we are to the Sun, it would appear to be as large as the Sun himself; for we are not much more than seventy-six Millions of Miles from the Sun; whereas from *Sirius*, the nearest Fixed Star, we are rather more than two Billions and two hundred thousand Miles distant:

“ To

“ To which seventy-six Millions of Miles (our
 “ Distance from the Sun) bear but a very small
 “ Proportion. In every View, continues he,
 “ the *Almighty* appears marvellously glorious ;
 “ but when we consider him in the stupendously
 “ surprizing Work of the Creation, as Father
 “ of innumerable Worlds, all declaring their
 “ Original from Omnipotence, and that HE
 “ is universally present at once in every one —
 “ What an inexpressibly sublime Idea ought we
 “ to conceive of the Majesty of the GOD we
 “ adore! And how ought it to humble our aspi-
 “ ring Pride, to consider what *Nothings* we are
 “ in comparison of Him who *spreadeth out the*
 “ *Heavens like a Curtain!* How amazing must
 “ be *His* Immensity who filleth All in all!”

This is one, among several, of the Doctor's Digressions, which were all so full of Sublimity of Thought, and Elegance of Style, that I heartily wish I could repeat them as he express'd them. These he mingled in all his Observations to us, and interwove Instruction and Satisfaction so agreeably together, that we thought ourselves wiser and better by every Word he said!

We then had a Microscope set before us, wherein were put several Insects; among others, the Maggot in a Filbert, a Garden Spider, an Ant, a Wasp, &c. Afterwards, some Plums

34 *Miscellaneous Works.*

just gather'd, some Gooseberries, and other Fruits, which swarm'd with Life, though imperceptible to the naked Eye. We were busy in observing the Forms of these minute Creatures, when the Footman knock'd at the Study-Door, and told us Dinner waited. I was amazed to hear of Dinner, not thinking it could be Twelve o'Clock; but the Servant told us it was more than Half past One.

When we were seated at Table, the Doctor told us that what we saw was a Tythe Pig, and consequently not a very large one. This was only one of the Doctor's Jokes, the Pig being out of his own Yard, and I never tasted a finer. We had two or three other little Things, which the Doctor said he hoped would keep us from starving, and after Dinner some whipt Syllabubs and charming Jellies. I imagined (and who would have imagined otherwise?) that we should have enjoy'd the Doctor's inimitable Conversation all the Afternoon; but ill Luck so order'd it, that just in the midst of Tea he was sent for to baptize a Child supposed to be dying. It was only two Fields from the Doctor's House, who posted thither without staying to finish his Tea. His Spouse told us he would have gone as freely were it in the Middle of the Night, for that he let no Consideration whatever (except downright Illness) hinder him from his Duty.

He

He staid not a Moment after he had finish'd the Ceremony, and was back in less than three Quarters of an Hour; because, as he said, he would have as much of our Company as possible. But now another unforeseen Accident unluckily deprived us of the Doctor again, almost as soon as he returned: A poor Woman came to desire he would go immediately and pray by her Husband, who was exceeding ill. This was quite at the other End of the Parish, four Miles from the Parsonage-House; and though it was near Night, the Doctor went thither also with great Willingness, but on Horseback.

We wish'd the Doctor a good Night before he went away, though he intreated us vastly to stay and sup; but as it had rain'd very much the Day before, the Road monstrous dirty, and no Moon, we begg'd to be excused. He promised for himself and Spouse to pay us a Visit before our Return, and made my Cousin and I promise him another Morning Visit before we left his Parish.

Whilst the Doctor was gone to these two Places, his Spouse and the Farmer's Wife canvass'd the Affairs of half the Parish. Never in my Life did I meet with a greater Gossip! For our Parts, we could not join at all in the Discourse, being entirely unacquainted with the People and their Characters. At length the

Dancing Affair was introduced; and, to our great Surprize, we found her already informed in every Circumstance of it. She could tell us every Word we said, every Thing we did; nor was her Knowledge confined to us alone, but every other Person present became equally the Subject of her Animadversions. She bid my Cousin take care of the Squire, for he had ruin'd more than *one modest Woman*, and that he was seldom civil without *Design*. My Cousin replied with some Warmth, that the keenest Malice had never yet been able to sully her Honour, and that neither the Squire nor any Man living should ever have it in their Power. — “Nay, says the Doctor's Wife interrupting her hastily, Don't mistake my Meaning: I am very far from even intimating the least imaginable Suspicion of your Virtue, and I hope you do not suppose I mean any thing amiss: I only speak, because Youth and Innocence are always in danger, and ought never to go unarmed.” She then made a quick Transition in her Discourse, and began talking of a Robbery which had been committed in the Neighbourhood about a Week before, reciting very circumstantially the audacious Behaviour of the Villain when the Justice committed him to Gaol.

Night drawing on apace, we were obliged to take Leave; and in our Return met the Doctor, who

who repeated his Desire of seeing us all again; but as we were soon to depart, we could not promise so far; only I assured him of another Morning Visit as before.

The *Sunday* following we went again to Church, and heard the Doctor preach another excellent Sermon from these Words:

Beloved, if ye know these things — happy are ye if ye do them.

Wherein he proved, with great Perspicuity, that it was impossible to have a real, lively, and *true Faith*, without its being manifest by *good Works*; and concluded with such animating Persuasions to his Flock to be *Doers* of the Word, that I think it was hardly possible for them to be *Hearers* only.

In the Afternoon of the same Day we went to pay a Visit to the Squire's Steward's Wife, who was deliver'd of a Son the Day before our Arrival at —. None were more intimate than the Farmer's Wife and she, nothing of Consequence being ever transacted by either without a mutual Consultation with each other; for which Reason the *Christening* could not be settled till the Farmer's Wife had been advised with: And when all Things relating thereto were concluded, we took Leave, and happily got home just as it began to rain most heavily,

which continued all that Night, and Part of the following Day.

Tuesday Morning, my Cousin not being very well, I went alone dabbling through the Dirt to breakfast with the Doctor; and afterwards, with Leave from his Spouse, (who told us she was jealous) we went into the Study, where the Doctor obliged me with several Experiments to prove the Elasticity of the Air and Fire. He then, by a Glass contrived for the Purpose, shewed me the Spots in the Sun. Afterwards we discoursed on the Divisibility of Body: I ask'd him whether he thought Matter to be divisible *ad infinitum*? or whether there were indivisible Atoms? The Doctor replied, he was rather inclined to the last Opinion: "For altho' it is not perhaps very easy for us to conceive any thing so minute, but that there are still two Halves, four Quarters, &c. yet, to argue from thence that this is divisible *ad infinitum*, would be confounding *Matter* into *Chaos*. Matter, continues he, must be granted inconceivably small, yet *to me* it appears evident, that there must remain a *first Principle* which cannot be divided." Our Conversation turn'd next on the Porosity of Bodies; and by several pretty Experiments on the Air-Pump, he made me comprehend the different Formation of the Pores in different Sorts of Wood and Metal. Which Difference, says he,
is

is the Reason that *Aqua Regia*, which dissolves Gold, will not dissolve Silver, though a softer Metal. The Pores of Gold are larger than those of Silver; but Silver abounding with a larger Quantity of smaller Pores, is therefore the most porous Metal. He took an Oaken Bowl fill'd with Water, and placed it on the top of a Glass Tube in his Air-Pump; and after the Sucker had given three or four Strokes, the Water came out at the Bottom of the Bowl into the Glass: In the same Manner he drew Quick-silver through a Piece of very thick Leather. The first of these Experiments was to shew the Porosity of Wood; the second, that of the Skins of Animals. He put in an Egg, and the Air spouted out of it in small Globules. He affirm'd that Eggs were spoiled by the Insinuation of the Air into the Pores of the Shell; and added, if they were crufted over with melted Suet, or coated with a Covering of Varnish or Gum, when quite new, they would keep for a Year together as good as when just laid. He told me he had at that Time some Eggs under a Hen, that were brought him by a Friend from *Schotland*, which would be hatched in four or five Days. These Eggs were sewed up in Pieces of Bladder, and the Bladders varnish'd over; because, it seems, if the Shells of these had been varnish'd, no animating Effluvia from the Hen could render her Incubation fruitful.

With the like Conversation, mingled with Experiments on the Air-Pump, the Doctor engaged me till the Clock struck Twelve; and then with great Reluctance I took my Leave, and ran home (as fast as the Dirt would admit) to Dinner, where, not being expected forsooth till Twelve at Night, our mannerly Family had just dined.

Wednesday the Doctor and his Spouse were to have paid us a Visit, but it rained so excessive hard all Day, that it was impossible to stir out of Doors. This was *to me* a most mortifying Disappointment; for the Doctor's Conversation was so agreeably improving, that it inclined me to wish myself always with him.

Thursday Morning proving a very fine one, and being the Day appointed for the Christening before mentioned, we went according to Agreement made the preceding *Sunday*. The Squire, his Brother, and three or four others, were all the Company except ourselves. We had not been there an Hour before it rain'd again, and continued to do so with such Violence, that the Farmer told us the Bridge would certainly be overflow'd. This was perplexing News to us, as we knew if the Bridge was under Water, we must go above four Miles round to get home. But the Squire revived our languishing Spirits by promising us his Coach, which we gladly accepted: So the Farmer's Wife and my Aunt,
the

the Squire with my Cousin on his Lap, and the young Doctor with me, all set out in the Coach together. The Coachman said he thought the Bridge was passable; but when we came within a Stone's-throw of it, there was no such Thing as finding it, and the Footmen said it was near three Feet under Water. This Report obliged us to turn, and go near a Mile back before we came into the Road; and then we had full four Miles home, through a dismal dark and dirty Lane, where the Horses could go but a foot Pace, and we trembled all the time for fear of being overthrown, though the Squire assured us there was no Danger.

We were not long in this terrible Road before the Squire, it seems, began to behave very amorously towards my Cousin. He clasp'd her round the Waist, and whisper'd very tender Expressions, which notwithstanding we were all present, though not able to hear, alarmed her (as she told me afterwards, and I really believe her) with a Terror she could not describe. She begg'd him not to make an ill Use of *Darkness*, by attempting to poison her Heart with Sentiments to which she always desired to remain a Stranger. He protested solemnly he had no ill Design; nor would he offer to injure her Virtue, were it in his Power, for ten thousand Worlds. He swore he loved her—he adored, her! and with an honest Passion; which though he

he could not disguise, he had endeavoured to conceal. My Cousin roughly answer'd, " I detest such amorous Nonsense: I insist on your remaining silent; and to be quite plain with you, I think the Liberty you take is altogether inconsistent with Decency, when attended with no Meaning, or perhaps with an ill one." My Meaning, replied he, is as pure as Light; my Intention is sincere and upright: I declare upon Honour, Christianity, and Conscience — I swear solemnly by all that is Good, and Great, and Powerful, and Sacred, that I desire only to make you my Wife." My Cousin enjoining him again to Silence, he made no farther Reply, but clasping her again, kissed her with trembling Eagerness — sigh'd — let her go, and remained profoundly silent all the rest of our Journey.

The Darkness of the Night, very happily for my Cousin, concealed at that Moment her most amiable Confusion. You know very well, that, notwithstanding her uncommon Share of Wit and Vivacity, she is remarkably bashful, even to Excess, when *Love* is the Topic of Conversation; and her Blush is so expressively becoming to her native Beauty, that it renders her almost irresistibly charming. It was not, however, altogether imperceptible when the Squire handed her out of the Coach.

He

He ask'd her (aside) if she was *really* angry and cruel enough to refuse him one Smile? She answer'd him, *Yes*, with such a forbidding Countenance, and so disdainful an Air, that it was discernible something more than common was the Cause of such a Reply. He then, whispering to me, most earnestly conjured me to be his Friend; but ran immediately from me, without explaining how, or on what Account, I was to act as such; and then (so great was his own Perplexity) he stepp'd hastily into the Coach, and forgot to take Leave of any Person present: Nay, in so great a Hurry was he to depart, that he could hardly stay while his Brother got into the Coach!

The very Moment my Cousin and I were up stairs by ourselves, she related the Whole of the Squire's Behaviour; begging me for Heaven's sake to advise her how to act, for that she could not tell her Mamma of it for the World; yet she was *determined* to go home to-morrow.—But, How? Why, after two Hours Deliberation on the Pillow, it was concluded that I must necessarily break the Ice to my Aunt in the Morning, and that afterwards we must act agreeably to her Inclinations. I went into her Chamber before she arose, and represented the Case as favourably as possible; though indeed there was nothing which needed the least Concealment: But you
know

know when my Aunt takes it into her Head to be angry, she can disfigure the most innocent Intention with Blame. She put on a very serious Face, said she would go home to-morrow, and appear'd on a sudden so vastly reserved, that I knew not what Account I had best to give my poor Cousin (who was half crazy for fear of her Mamma's Displeasure) of this Conference. I dress'd it up as neat as I could, and repeated the Substance of it to her. My Cousin said, it was always her Mamma's Disposition to appear mysteriously grave, and never to speak her Mind on such Occasions. We were both at a loss how to behave in the Affair; and my Cousin trembled as much to think how she must see her Mamma, and what to say to her, as if she had committed some very great Fault. However, the Event was far better than we expected; my Aunt appeared (quite contrary to her usual Shyness on such Accounts) at Breakfast in great Spirits and extraordinary good Humour! And while my Cousin and I were in the Garden, she took an Opportunity of representing to the Farmer and his Wife the Consequences which might attend a longer Continuance with them, declaring her Resolution to depart to-morrow; at which they were equally surprized and concerned.

About Ten o'Clock in the Morning the Squire sent to know how we did, and return'd

a Book

a Book he had borrow'd of my Cousin, which the Footman said he must deliver to none but the Owner. When this Message was brought into the Parlour, my Cousin turn'd as pale as Death with the Dread of her Mamma's Resentment: But my Aunt bid her go and take the Book herself, as there could be no Harm in receiving her own Property.

When she went to the Footman, he told her his Master only begg'd that she would take the Book out of the Paper. She brought it in, and untying the String, a Letter fell out of it, which being sealed, she very *dutifully* deliver'd it to her Mamma without opening it herself! My Aunt took and read the Letter, smiled, and put it into her Pocket: Then going out herself to the Footman, order'd him to tell his Master to send To-morrow Night for an Answer. We knew this to be only an Excuse, as she was determined to go home the next Morning: Therefore you may imagine that, as my Cousin was heartily confus'd before, she now was quite confounded! My Aunt's concealing the Letter from her was such a Mystery, that she was just at the Point of Distraction; and, which was worse, dared not to shew any Marks of her Anxiety!

After keeping the Letter for near an Hour, she gave it to her Daughter again: "Come, my Dear, said she, I won't make you suffer too long: Take the Squire's Letter, and return him
what

what Answer you please; though, if you will be advised by *me*, I think it most prudent to send him none to this. If he has all the Regard for you that he seems to profess, let him prove it by Perseverance: Let him write to you several times; let him pursue you from Place to Place; let him manifest his Love by undeniable Actions, rather by respectful Compliments. And when he has thus convinced you that his Intentions are honourably sincere — I *think* you can have no Objection against his Person, for he is really a handsome Man—I *know* you can have none against his Estate, as it is infinitely superior to any thing you can possibly expect — and I have Reason to *hope* from your Conduct hitherto, that your future will be such as may win him and wean him from those Irregularities, which are oftener the Result of Inconsideration, than a real Adherence to Vice.”

This unexpected Declaration of my Aunt's, and the Confusion my Cousin had sustained before, flung her into a Swoon; which so terrified me, that, had I not happily burst into Tears, I suppose I should have been in the same Condition. We soon recover'd my Cousin; and the Blood flushing suddenly into her Face adorn'd her with inexpressible Beauty.—Had the Squire seen her in that Situation, I am convinced it must have enliven'd his Love almost to the Height of Distraction. When she was a little farther revived,

revived, we went up Stairs together; where I need not inform you of our ardent Haste to examine the Squire's *Billet-doux*; the Contents of which I will favour you with, as my Cousin admitted me to take a Copy of it.

Dear Madam,

“ I should have reserv'd to myself the Happiness of delivering the Book, had I not Reason to fear, by your Behaviour last Night, that a different Passion animates your Breast, than that which by Heaven inspires mine! I hope I did not abuse the Decorum necessary to be observed by a Person in such Circumstances as I find myself: But if thro' Inadvertency I was undesignedly so unfortunate, I intreat you not to take amiss the Effect of that Cause, which then *only* manifested its Irregularity, notwithstanding my utmost Endeavours to prevent it. All I shall presume to add at this Time is, to beg you will indulge me with a Line, by which I may be convinc'd I have not lost your Favour.

I am, Madam, &c.

C. C——K.”

My Cousin, in Compliance with her Mamma's Advice, determin'd to send no Answer: But, on strict Observation, I had Reason to guess that the Squire was not totally indifferent to her. She even confess'd, she could not think of him without

out Emotion — I saw she could not mention him without a Blush. I could expatiate abundantly on her inimitably engaging Behaviour on this Occasion; but (as you are personally acquainted with her, and consequently no Stranger to her Sweetness of Disposition and Excess of Modesty) it would be superfluous: Especially, as I have not undertaken to write you a Novel, and confine myself only to Matters of Fact.

The next Morning early we set out on our Journey towards Home, where we arrived the *Monday* Evening; and on the *Sunday* following my Cousin receiv'd another Letter from the Squire, declaring his Intention of paying her a Visit on honourable Terms, and convincing her, if possible, of the Sincerity of a Passion, which he had neither Power nor Inclination to suppress.

I am, Dear MYRA,

Yours, &c.

N. B. The above is a Relation of some Transactions which happened near seventeen Years since, when the Author was not eighteen Years old. It is thought more adviseable to publish it as it was then wrote (though never design'd for the Press) rather than by decking it anew in an ornamental Style to rob it of its native Simplicity. I resign it to the Critics as a Thing not free from Faults; and to the Cavillers, as a Feast for their Ill-nature.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Mrs. — at Uxbridge.

Dear Madam,

AFTER having received so great a Favour as your last acceptable Present, I could not clear myself from the Imputation of Ingratitude, if I longer delay'd to return you our sincere Thanks. I have not now the plausible Excuse I gave you in my last for my Silence, and can only say, I have now staid three Weeks upon Miss —'s Account; who told me she could not write to you till she had heard from Mrs. T—. And therefore, as she had a Frank, we concluded to send both our Letters together: After which, Miss — took the Opportunity to send hers, when she was very sensible I had not Time to write, and before she had heard from Mrs. T— too.

You appear desirous, even to Anxiety, to know what Alteration 300*l.* a Year has made in your humble Servant. Why, none (that I know of) other than to tempt me to a Breach of the tenth Commandment: And that I am likely enough to break ten thousand Times, without being able to attain the tenth Part of 300*l.* a Year. Now in regard to that Particular from whence your Question derived its Foundation, I

E

must

must be obliged to own, that I am, to all outward Appearance, *quite forsaken!* I suppose it will be unnecessary to tell you, how much my *Pride* must suffer by this Confession: But let it be observed, that if my *Affection* had been as unconquerable as my *Indifference*, I should have taken my Loss with greater Reluctance, and sustained it with infinitely more Regret: For, at present, I miss nothing of him *out* of my Heart; which I look on as an infallible Proof that nothing of him was ever *in* it. Whether this afflicting Misfortune was my own Fault, or not, the Blame, it seems, is all flung upon me; and my *Vanity* (if not my *Reason*) flatters me, that it is a pleasing Blame to bear. Nay, I am bold enough to believe, that half the Women in the World, provided they were in my Situation, would be of my Opinion: Tho' in most other Cases, you know, our Sex are very unwilling to acknowledge themselves in fault, even when they are almost inexcusable. * * * *

* * * *

I could willingly enlarge this Epistle, but Miss —— told me just now, she would write this Afternoon; so I am determined not to let this Opportunity slip of assuring you that I am, with great Esteem,

Madam,

Your most obliged and obedient Servant.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Miss C——.

YOU will, I suppose, my dear Miss C——, be vastly surprized at this Epistle; and well enough you may! as you hardly expected any thing from *my* Quarter, when at so great a Distance from me. You must not expect to be told, That your Absence is insufferable; that your Silence is inexpressible Torture, and infinitely worse than Death; and the like. You must not, I say, expect such Language from me, as I never had the pretty Knack of prating such Nonsense agreeably. To tell you the Truth, I have no other Reason for writing this, than only just to *scold* at you; though, by the way, if I did not love you dearly, I would never have taken such Pains. In fact, I could find no better Method of putting you in remembrance of me; for, you know, there is nothing makes the *Insignificant* so much taken notice of, as giving themselves impertinent Airs, and letting their Tongues run to no manner of Purpose. You are too sensible that my Way of proceeding has ever been *thus*; and *thus* I have Reason to fear it ever will be, unless my future good Fortune should render me less insignificant, or Experience teach me more Wisdom. I have no Ex-

pectation in regard to the former; but the latter, perhaps, may, one Day, be mine. In the mean time, I fear I shall continue my talkative Custom, and chatter, as the Magpies do, not to be *understood*, but *heard*. Besides, there is a Piece of Policy in using this Method of Discourse, as well as a secret Satisfaction: For, if People have ever so much Inclination to return me an Answer, they know not what to say; for, Who can contradict what they don't understand?

“ *Nonsense is never to be understood.* ”

But, to my first Intention, viz. *Scolding*.

Pray, Madam, What was the Meaning of that ingenious Device of yours, to send your Footman to enquire for you at my House, two or three Days before you went to *London*? This, I suppose, was to make me believe you intended to have favour'd me with your Company that Afternoon. If this was one of your evasive Designs, I confess it was smartly done; though I declare I never dreamt of its being so till this very Minute. And, to convince you I believed it *pied à la lettre*, I sat all the Afternoon of the following Day, perk'd up, like a Monkey upon a Sign-Post, and afraid to stir out of Doors lest I should lose a Moment of your inimitable Conversation. How barbarous was it! How provoking! first to raise my Hopes, then to torture me with Uncertainty, and at last to crush me with

with Despair. O, you dear, indifferent, heedless, thoughtless, easy, charming Creature! How does this agree with the Good-nature so much your own? with that obliging Condescension so peculiar to yourself? with that sweet, agreeable, inimitable, enchanting Behaviour, which renders you the Idol of all your Friends, and makes the whole World your Wellwishers? One would think you had never heard the Remark our good old Beef-eating Ancestors made on the Anxiety of a disappointed Female; which Remark has been carefully handed down from Father to Son, and from Mother to Daughter, for several Years past, and in all Likelihood will be deposited in the Breast and tied to the Tongue of every pragmatical Jackanapes, and every censorious old Maid. What I mean is as follows:

*That which vexeth Woman most,
Is when her Expectation's crost.*

Therefore, I *will scold* — (if I can)

And I took the Opportunity of writing for another Reason; namely, because I experimentally know it is impossible to be angry with you when I see you. You are so — *I don't know how* — that — you blunt the Spleen of the most Malicious; and, Who can contest with the irresistible? Nay, I think it is much the same now I write; for, notwithstanding the various Methods by which I have endeavour'd to put myself into a Passion with you, I

cannot tell how to begin. Your very Idea compels all my Wrath to subside, and obliges me into good Humour. 'Tis very strange, that you have the Art of raising such Disturbances in the Mind, and soothing them again even by imaginary Presence! Yet, this is no less true than amazing; and I find myself as much at a loss to quarrel with you *now*, as if you were really present. How much like a Fool must I appear to you, to undertake what I can't go through with! For, besides not having said one Word I intended when first I began, I know as little how to close my unintelligible Scrawl; and I think it is high Time to release you: To do which, I can only abruptly break off by assuring you

I am, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Miss I——.

Dear CELIA,

IT has been agreed on by another Young Lady and myself, to ask your Opinion on the following Question:

Whether it is not very possible for any Person really unprejudiced in favour of another, to have Command enough over their Affections, in regard to LOVE, to settle them where they please?

The

The Objections that have been advanced against the Possibility of this Assertion, notwithstanding their Weight with some People, are, in our Opinions, quite weak and groundless. Nevertheless, it may be necessary to acquaint you with some of them; to which, I hope, you will find our Answers highly agreeable to *exalted Reason*.

First, EXPERIENCE. Does not this convince you daily, say our Opponents, that your Argument is without Foundation? How many do we see that *cannot love* where they please? Not because they have any particular Pre-engagement; not because they have any personal Aversion; but merely because they *cannot*, yet cannot tell why? To this we answer

NO; and affirm, That *Prejudice* against the one Object, or *Partiality* towards the other, is the real and true Cause.. If all Mankind are *equally* indifferent to me, *i. e.* if I have no more *Inclination* to *one* than to *another*, What hinders me from fixing my Affections on whomsoever I please?

OBJECTION II. There is (say they) a *secret Motion* from *within*, an *Impulse* which is quite unconquerable, that *forces* our Inclinations, and settles our Affections, in spite of *all* our

Efforts to the contrary; that opposes our Endeavours, and scatters our strongest Resolutions.

But then, (say we) Have we not *Reason* given us to govern our Passions? Ought not that *Reason* to be Master of our Affections? If People would listen to the Dictates of that *Reason*, before they fall in Love, we should not hear so many *woeful* Soliloquies on the Consequences frequently attending a Passion, which, by their own Fault, is grown irresistible.

OBJECTION III. But, we are told, in Reply to this, That *Reason* is not powerful enough to subdue *Love*: That *Love* conquers all Things: That no Mortal can withstand it: That we *must Love, once*: And that, not in Subjection either to our Will, or Reason; but, as it often happens, in direct Opposition to both.

Which we deny: And say, Such is *not Love*, but bears a *different* Name.

*In Loving thou do'st well, in Passion not;
Wherein true Love consists not. Love refines
The Thoughts, and Heart enlarges; hath his Seat
In Reason, and is judicious: Is the Scale
By which to Heav'nly Love thou may'st ascend;
Not sunk in carnal Pleasure: ———*

MILTON, *Parad. lost.*

Besides,

Besides, if we allow the Justice of this Method of Arguing, we must submit to the Doctrine of Predestination, that *What is to be, shall be*, and nobody can prevent it. But, we say with *Milton*, "*Love hath its Seat in Reason;*" and when *Reason* directs our *Love* we cannot fail of being *happy* in our Choice; as it represents to us impartially whether the Person we consider as the *future* Object of our Affections, be worthy, or not, of our Love: And if, on Consideration, we find ourselves deceiv'd, we may, *before* we have *settled* them, *remove*, and place them on a more *deserving* Person."

In Answer to this, we have *Pish*, and *Phoo*; and are told, We know nothing of the Matter: That, we shall be of a different Opinion when the *right Man* comes: That, 'tis Nonsense to dispute in such a Manner: And a vast deal of such like Rhetoric; just as *wise*, and to as little Purpose.

To their *Pish*, we reply with an *emphatical* WHY NOT? And, with some Degree of Assurance, retort *Nonsense* back upon themselves: Our Side of the Argument being founded on *Reason*, and *they* forsooth would banish *Reason* quite out of the Dispute. We say, and are determin'd, that when we fall in *Love*, we will love like PHILOSOPHERS; not by *Chance*, but
by

by *Choice*: Not following the Dictates of blind, mistaken *Passion*; but the more exalted and sublime Inspirations of *Reason refin'd into Love*: Upon which one of our Antagonists smartly replied, that we should henceforth be denominated the *Philosophical Lovers*.

This our Question, with the Arguments *pro et contra*, are submitted to the judicious *Celia*, hoping — almost undoubting you will be of our Opinion: (to which, the more to incline you) we must impartially assure you, that, though our Adversaries are indeed the greater Number, yet the most judicious are of our Party.

OBSERVE:

We do not say, that when the Affections are settled, they are removeable at Pleasure; but only, that they are *once in our Power*.

Your Opinion and Answer will be esteem'd a Favour conferred on several others, as well as,

Dear CELIA, &c.

LETTER V.

To the same.

WELL: This is the third Beginning I have made in order to answer your last. In the first Place I began with Scolding; but I found I could not work myself into a real Passion,

sion, so I was oblig'd to lay that by: In the next Place I began with as formal an Air of Complaisance, as if I had been paying my Respects to my Lady —, or the Countess of —, or Her Grace the Dutchess of —. But that would not do; for I saw I mimick'd *Gravity* so queerly, that if I continued this Strain I should soon appear as insignificant as the two Monkeys in *Gay's Fables*. Had it not been for telling you the different Methods I have already taken, in the Commencements before recited, I know not how this third Undertaking would have gone thus far. O, could you now but see how much like a Fool I look! with so copious a Subject before me, and yet unable to form a Sentence worth repeating!—Well,—Truth must out; (and how much soever it may look like a Compliment, I declare it is not meant so). In short, the Pleasure, with which I receiv'd such a welcome and unexpected Piece of News, as that of your Marriage, has entirely taken from me the Power of expressing as I could with the agreeable Sensations of my Soul. I knew your Prudence would be sufficient to govern your Choice; but I fear'd you would never meet with an equal Share of Merit. I am glad to find there is *one* Man in the World, who has Understanding enough to chuse a Wife, rather for what she *deserves*; than for what she *possesses*. I most sincerely wish you all the Joy a married Life is capable

capable of giving: And I would compliment Mr. B—— in a particular Manner for his great Discretion, and truly generous Disdain of worldly Affluence, when put in Competition with that laudable Ambition of making the *Deserving* — *bappy*! If all Gentlemen in his Circumstances would follow his Example, what a glorious Change it would make in the World! To exalt Merit to its native Dignity, above the Spurn of Malice, How sweet must that Reflection be! How refin'd must be that Sensation! as it undoubtedly proceeds from,

*A pure, ingenuous Elegance of Soul;
A delicate Refinement, known to few.*

THOMSON.

* * * * *

I am, &c.

LETTER VI.

To Miss ——.

AN Excess of Good Nature, do you say? h'm; why *yes*: And does not your whole Correspondence with me proceed from Good Nature? Who, that ever knew the engagingly amiable

amiable Miss —, who, I say, that ever knew her, can hesitate to confess her Excess of Good Nature? but, Who has *dar'd* to give her that Epithet, since the memorable Affair of —? Then, how you *rav'd* against *Good Nature*! Remember, that Circumstances aggravate Facts extremely. By the Way, I am vastly astonish'd to find you can make four Months from the last of *March*, to the first of *June*! However, I won't heighten Facts with aggravating Circumstances: Else I could prove that your Excess of *Good Nature* was nothing more when you wrote last, than a *convenient Opportunity*; and the *Favour*, so highly magnified by your eloquent Pen, was only a broken Piece of Time you cou'd not employ to other Purposes: And had you not been unavoidably oblig'd to lay *Clarissa* by, you wou'd not have wrote to me—Gods know how long! Suppose now I should turn your own Words against you, and fight you with your own Weapons? But, *Thanks to my Generosity*! which induces me to answer your Letter on a *better Principle* than that of *Cavil*. Had I listen'd to the Suggestions of *Laziness* on the one Hand, or the Allurements of what some People wou'd call *Pleasure*, on the other; 'tis Matter of Doubt whether I shou'd have wrote a Word t'ye this Fortnight: But *Conscience*, and a due Sense of *Gratitude*, oblige me to take hold of the *first Opportunity*

of

of re-affuring you how sincerely I am devoted to your Service. Mine are not Moments *Chance* flings into my Way, or pick'd out of Visits and Reading; but Moments appropriated to *Friendship*;—dearer, and more charming, than all the Moments of my Life, save those I dedicate to Heaven! What an Enlargement it wou'd be to my Bliss, could I once more be happy in your Company! None so much as your Sister and Self are capable of giving me the most exalted Pleasure. I should be almost in Raptures did I hear you accepted an Invitation, than which, you never receiv'd one more sincere,

I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

To the same.

I Need not farther apologize to my dear Miss — when I tell her, a fatal Accident has been the Occasion of my Silence. Some Weeks before I receiv'd yours, an old Gentleman, who Boarded with me, had been extremely ill, and continued so till the 30th ult, and then died. During which Time, and ever since, I have been almost in continual Hurry. I really believe I have began writing to you ten Times, and have not been able to write one uninterrupted Line. This Day of my Beginning is the 10th of June,
and

and I'm determin'd to begin no more, " Let
" Consequence be what it will."

SAVAGE.

When I receiv'd your last melancholy Epistle,
I was so much shock'd by the Outside, I cou'd
hardly bear to look on the In; as I guess'd by the
Contents of your last but one, what I might rea-
sonably expect to hear. I am extremely concern'd at
your irreparable Loss: I sympathize with you in
Excess of Sorrow. I daily feel, and ever shall, by Ex-
perience inexpressively severe, the Grief of losing,
in an incomparable Mother, my nearest, dearest,
tenderest, *best* of Friends! Your Mother and
mine have left but few Equals: And we must
console ourselves by reflecting, That they are
taken from the Evil to come; from a World
abounding with Affliction, to reap the Reward
of their Good Works! This Consideration is a
substantial, never-failing Source of Consolation to
us, under the most pressing Burthen of unutter-
able Woe. What tho' their Lives were one,
(almost) continued Scene of Anxiety, yet, why
should that disquiet us now? Since such was the
Method chosen by Heaven to pave their Path to
to everlasting Felicity. " They reckon'd that the
" Sufferings of this present World were not to
" be compar'd with the Glory that should be re-
" veal'd to them hereafter. Happy are the Peo-
" ple that are in such a Case; yea, blessed are the
" People

“ People who have the *Lord* for their *God*. For
 “ tho’ unto Men they seem’d to *die*, yet were
 “ their Hopes full of Immortality. How are
 “ they number’d with the Children of God,
 “ and their Lot is among the Saints!”

ANIMATED by such bright Examples, let us endeavour to tread in their Steps: And tho’ in all Likelihood we shall fall very short of their Perfections; yet, let us follow them so far as our Strength will permit us to go.

DARE I pronounce them *inimitable*? Or shall I be thought too partial so to say? Filial Affection inclines me; Gratitude and Justice *compel* me to confess—nay, to affirm, that there never was a Mother who more truly deserv’d that endearing Appellation from a Child, or more punctually fulfill’d every Obligation that *emphatical* Title comprehended, than did my own! And, Do not the same endearing Ties, the same innumerable Tenderesses, force you to the same Acknowledgments? And, if so, surely, we cannot be suppos’d, at the Expence of the Living, to flatter the Dead. For me to pretend to *console* you, would be offering an Affront to your Faith and Hope; which will lead you to Consolation more sublime than Eloquence can paint or even Idea form. Consolation! capable of sustaining you amidst the most gloomy Horrors of Grief, and Storms of unspeakable Anguish.

As

As you justly esteem the Friendship of Lady *Echlin* to be the greatest Happiness you enjoy, I am convinced that nothing will be wanting on your Side to nourish, improve, and establish it on a firm Foundation.

*Nor Time, nor Distance can that Friendship part,
Where Soul is join'd to Soul, and Heart to Heart.*

I shorten this Epistle to give Room to the underwritten Essay, and am

Most sincerely and affectionately Yours.

LETTER VIII.

To Miss I——.

Dear CELIA,

THE very modest Method you have taken to *confess* what you cannot *deny*, is the most inimitable Piece of Prettiness I have hitherto met with! Well then—You are really in Love, ha? and there's an End on't. Come then, let us change this Discourse; for when one Subject is quite worn out, it is necessary to seek for another: But, What shall our new Theme consist in? Shall we take Friendship, or Perfidy? Knavery, or Honesty? Flattery, or Sincerity? “The Choice perplexes,” as *Thomson* says: But, now I have taken the Talk to myself,

F

66 *Miscellaneous Works.*

self, I think nothing is so natural to me as *Nonsense*; a Thing you have often experienc'd from me before, but then 'twas unavoidable: My Intention now, is to talk nothing else. And, What can shew *Nonsense* to more Advantage, than *Nonsense* shews itself? Nothing in my Opinion; and I dare say, before I have finish'd this Epistle, you will be in the same Way of thinking. All I am afraid of is, that you will imagine it too common a Subject; and say, every body may talk *Nonsense* as well as I: But, *negatum suppositum*. To talk *Nonsense* is the *Prerogative* of *Fools*; and I, you must know, am the only Fool in my Family. *Wits* never talk *Nonsense*, though they often *do* silly Things: Therefore, to fancy that every Person can *talk* *Nonsense*, is almost as absurd, as to suppose all the World can *act wisely*: A Supposition, which not one Quarter of its Inhabitants has *Charity* enough to allow the other three Parts! To presume on giving a Definition of *Nonsense*, would be a very nonsensical Presumption; for I—, who am as well acquainted with *Nonsense* as any Fool alive, look upon it as an undefinable Thing: And (to my *Honour* be it spoken) more *Wits* than one have been of my Opinion; Witnesses, *Dryden*, *Pope*, and *Gay*. *Nonsense* has often puzzled *Wit*; and no one will deny that *Wit* has been sometimes over-reach'd by *Nonsense*. Nay, I have often heard *Nonsense* taken for *Wit*, and sometimes pre-

preferred before it. I, who 'am a very great Advocate for Nonsense, cannot help smiling to hear (as I frequently do) a very nonsensical Person rail against Nonsense in the most nonsensical Manner imaginable; and I think, nonsensically to rail against Nonsense, is the most nonsensical Thing in the World. Some People have a *railing* Method of commending, which makes the Thing commended appear disagreeable: Others have a *commending* Method of railing, which makes what they rail against appear desirable: Of the former Class are the *Wits* who *flatter* Nonsense; of the latter are the Fools who *defame* it. If you talk Nonsense to these Wits, they pity your Ignorance; talk Wit to those Fools, they despise you! This, I must confess, is a nonsensical Observation; but, you must consider, my dear *Celia*, I talk nothing but Nonsense. And really, had it *not* been my constant Practice, it would be excusable at present; for Don *Phæbus* has not shewn us his Face lately: Since the last Day of last Month, we have not seen the Sun by Day nor Stars by Night †. I cannot write on a duller Subject, nor in a duller Time. Nay, I think all People ought to exa-

† This Letter was written in *November* 1745, at which Time neither Sun nor Stars were visible at *Reading* for five Weeks and four Days.

mine the Weather before they begin on any Topic; for

*Who can expect to merit Praise,
If Phæbus don't direct his Lays?*

And, how can *Phæbus* be supposed to give Directions in a Thing he never looks upon? Besides, Can I ever talk Nonsense in a Season more agreeable to it, than when *Dulness*, its Parent, is predominant in the Sky?

The most inimitable Nonsense I know of, is that which is utter'd with a *wise* Countenance. How *profound* does a nonsensical Sentence appear, when spoken with an *emphatical Face*! I say, this is the most inimitable: But, Nonsense has as many Shapes as *Proteus*, and yet is always inconsistent with itself: And really I think Inconsistency and Incongruity constitute its very Being. Nonsense is of singular Service among the *Fair Sex*, who use it as an Antidote to preserve them from the Consequences of that terrible Distemper *Silence*; and is almost as much in Request amongst them as Censure, and a Pinch of Snuff. I wish it were not almost equally evident that Abundance of *Gentlemen* make as much Use of Nonsense as even the *Ladies* themselves, and to equally insignificant Purposes. Some *wise* People will give themselves Airs, and say, That Nonsense in a Gentleman's Mouth is as ridiculous as a *Patch* upon his Face: But, *Custom is second Nature*;

Nature; and as Nonsense is at present so excessively in Fashion, I wonder greatly at those who are so unpolite and particular as to object against it. There is good Reason to believe, that hardly a *Lover* in the Nation has not experienced the Usefulness of Nonsense; 'tis *politic* (some say *elegant*) in them, to talk, and look, and act nonsensically: Nay, few will believe that Love can subsist in a Man, unless it transmutes him to a Blockhead; and 'tis agreed on all Hands, that when a Man makes his Addresses to a Woman in a nonsensical Manner, he is, generally, sincere in his Affections. Nonsense is the only necessary Ingredient in the Constitution of a compleat Gossip; or rather, a Gossip is the very Quintessence of Nonsense. Trades-people should always have a competent Stock of Nonsense; 'tis equally useful as their Tills; especially to Mercers, Drapers, Milleners, Mantua-makers, China-sellers, Tailors, and Barbers: Every one knows its abundant Conveniency among Physicians, Apothecaries, Surgeons, and — Mountebanks; Lawyers consume incredible Quantities, and *Enthusiasm* cannot subsist without it. I could proceed to enumerate Professions, and Things, in which Nonsense is equally useful and necessary: But in regard to your Patience, which by this Time I guess must be nearly exhausted, I postpone the Remainder to another Opportunity.

You will see I have not pretended to treat *methodically* on the Subject; these are only a few superficial Observations, confusedly flung together: And if in any Part hereof I have blunder'd upon Wit, it is with as little Design as Wits sometimes blunder upon Nonsense. I am,

Dear CELIA,

Most affectionately Yours.

LETTER IX.

*To Mr. S—— (then unknown) who sent me
a Letter without his Name.*

Sir,

IF you are as cautious of shewing your Face, as you are in concealing your Name, I have Reason to suppose I shall never be, *in any other Manner than as at present,*

Your humble Servant.

LETTER X.

To Mr. G——.

Sir,

AS you seem to insinuate that a Line from me would be taken as a Favour, you see I have granted your Request; but pray don't expect

expect it often, for I never fling my Letters away on People who won't trouble themselves to answer me. You know, Women are all fond of themselves; and though we often talk a great deal to very little Purpose, yet we like to be answer'd even when we are too nonsensical to be understood. I am no Original; and being only a Copy of the rest of my Sex, am of consequence vain enough to suppose myself deserving an Answer, though perhaps no other Mortal under the Sun may be of the same Opinion. Here are at this Time no less than three chattering Females, with whom, when you come to *Reading*, you may possibly be acquainted, whose Tongues run (as says the Proverb) nineteen to the Dozen. Now, you must know, I make a *Merit* of having Philosophy enough to continue writing while stunn'd with the Din of Impertinence and Noise. One of them is now telling me, that, on a Gentleman's requesting her to favour him with a *Line*, she sent him as follows:

And thinks it the safest Method by which a Lady may converse with a Gentleman without the Danger of being misconstrued. I own the Thought is not amiss; and I believe, were I to correspond with any by whom I might expect to be misunderstood, I should follow the same Method. Indeed, my writing to you is very excusable, since your Mother tells me, there is no-

body in your Family, except yourself, that can read my Scrawl. I pity you, when I consider how irksome such an Employment must be to a Person of your active Disposition; whom nor Time, nor Place, nor any thing else, except the unconquerable Charms of Slumber, can confine. The *Lord* grant, when you get a Wife, that she may be capable of reading you a Curtain-Lecture sufficient to make you rise before Noon! I hope, when you propose coming to *Reading*, you will give me an Account what Time I am to expect you, two or three Weeks before your Arrival, that I may summon all my Patience together to bear with your intolerable Sluggishness. I think you cannot take such a Journey in a more agreeable Season than the present, especially if you happen to be in Love: For now, the new-born Spring, full of Gaiety and Beauty, cannot fail of representing to your Mind those Perfections, which I suppose you fancy the Mistress of your Affections to be possessed of. You will contemplate the Picture, while absent from the bright Original, and thereby keep your principal Object in ideal View, though distant from it. But, to be serious:

I desire very sincerely, to know the Health of all your Family, especially Mr. and Mrs. G—. I desire also that you tell your Sister, nothing will make me amends for my Trouble, unless she favours me with her little Son's Company. I
charge

charge you to deliver this Message punctually, or else ——— expect my just Indignation.

Farther, I will and command you, on Receipt of this Epistle, that you read it all, with an audible Voice, to your Father and Mother, and Family; that they may no longer doubt my Ability to fill a Sheet of Paper with Nonsense, when I am writing to one who has nothing better to do than to read it. For I promise you, Sir, if I thought you engaged in a better Employment, you would not now have been troubled with the trifling Absurdities of

Yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

To the same.

Sir,

I AM extremely sorry to find you impute my Silence to Forgetfulness; I had much rather you had used a little more Consideration: You would then have recollected that you had said enough in your last Letter, to make me remember you for ever. Why, Lord bless me! I was so far from even intending to answer your Letter, that I expected every Moment to receive some farther Particulars of your Exit. Never was Mortal more amazed than myself to hear you
are

are still hovering on the Confines of Mortality! Who, in the Name of Nonsense, would ever have thought it possible for a Man to live, a matter of ——— let me see ——— near two Months without a *Head*? I am now induced to think you wrote the Letter when you was fast asleep, and that its Contents were the Effect of some terrifying Dream; for I esteem it as a moral Impossibility for any *Body* to exist so long without a *Head*.

I suppose you have read, when you were but a *little Boy*, how our Grandmother *Eve* cursed us by her Curiosity: And this Curiosity is so inherent in us of the *Female* Sex, that I have the Credulity to believe it is a constitutional Distemper, natural to us all; particularly myself. Be it known to you, and all others before whom this Epistle may appear, that ever since you inform'd me you had *no Head* I have an insatiable Inclination to see how you *look* without it. Pray, have not you undergone Examination on this unaccountable Occasion before the Members of the *Royal Society*? But, perhaps you convey'd your Meaning in a Metonymy of the Efficient; and, by telling me you had *no Head*, you would only have me understand that you have lost the *Lining* of it. Now, if this be the Truth of the Matter, there are few People in a happier Situation than yourself: For I apprehend, that those who

traffic

traffic in *War* * Affairs have much more Occasion for a *thick Skull*, than a brocaded *Lining*; the *Outside* of their Heads being generally of greater Service to themselves than the *In*. I confess, I think it full as possible to live without a Head as without a Heart: And yet, within these Thousand Years I had like to have been made a Thief, by an unaccountable Animal, who (but I do assure you 'tis an arrant Lie) has sworn that I robb'd him of his Heart, and he has been obliged ever since to exist without it! He has made an excessive Uproar about it, and I have had a narrow Escape from being arrested on this Account, and convey'd to a Gaol call'd *Matrimony* (which is a Confinement I suppose you have heard of) and had not my inseparable Companion *Poverty* pleaded violently in my Favour, I have Reason to believe I should not, till this Time, have been Mistress of my own Freedom.

I expected to have seen you in *Reading* before now, which (Joking apart) was the real Reason I did not write sooner; as I understood by your last but one, that so soon as your Uncle return'd to *London*, I should have the Pleasure of seeing you here. I shall go to *Windsor* in about a Fortnight with some Acquaintance, and shall be glad if you will make one among us. We were

* The Gentleman has a Place in the War-Office.

going as on to-morrow, but I beg'd it off, on purpose to write, and engage you with us. Now, I desire you to look on this as a most extraordinary Favour, and to acknowledge it accordingly.

I am extremely glad to hear you are settled at *Whitehall*; and hope you find it very much to your Advantage. Pray let me hear from you very soon, and be very *particular* in your Account with regard to the Health, &c. &c. of your Family. I want to know a thousand Things, and you tell me nothing at all: But — your Time is so excessively taken up between Business and Bed, that you have very little to bestow on your absent Friends. When you are at *Reading* we'll see if 'tis possible to get you to Bed before Midnight, and oblige you to rise before Noon. Here is my agreeable Neighbour Miss *P* — will tease you to Death if you can't find your Way out of Bed Time enough to swallow your Breakfast before Two in the Afternoon.

Having stretch'd this Letter to an enormous Length, it is now high Time to make use of the common Phrase of

Sir, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Miss C——.

AS my dear Miss C—— condescends to excuse all my Impertinencies, in whatsoever Form they appear, I hope you will extend that amiable Condescension, in regard to that I am now going to torment you with.

You know very well how disagreeable a Thing it is, to be the Bearer of ill News: I am going to relate very terrible Tidings concerning myself; and, because I have all imaginable Reason to believe you honour me (unworthy as I am) with a very great Share in your Esteem, I have consequently the same Reason to conclude you will be very sorry for me, when you come to be acquainted with my present whimsical Situation.

Now—let me see—Had I better fill my Sheet before I tell my Complaint? or, without farther Ceremony, blunder it boldly out? Few Words are best: In short then, I am bewitch'd! or else, I am infatuated!— or else, I am going mad;— or rather, I have this unfurmountable Complication of shocking Disorders together! Be that as it may, I am satisfied that the only reasonable Idea I have perceiv'd in myself, since I first discern'd this Metamorphose in my Disposition, is, to apply to your Esteem for a Cure. And herein

in I foresee you will act the Physician as truly, as if you had been educated in the Mystery of the Science: But whether you will proceed by the Method of *Sympathy*, or that of *Antipathy*, is beyond my present Comprehension to determine. And, perhaps, it may cost you some close Application, before you resolve on which Way to pursue, because I cannot precisely say myself, whether Vanity or Pride has the greatest Share in rendering me liable to your *Doctoring*. Was my *Reason* the predominant Motive of my Desires, I should then have, as usual, the Bounds of Moderation to confine me: But, alas! I have unfortunately broken this Fence, and am now aspiring — the Dickens knows whither! — Indeed, I am under terrible Apprehensions that my Case is very dangerous; and I fear you will find yourself necessitated to use that Remedy which performs its Duty by Antipathy; *i. e.* you must prepare the Potion of Disappointment. And here, pray *observe*, that tho' I *fear* the worst, I do not presume to *dictate* to my fair Physician: You are also to understand, that I am indifferent as to the Ingredients you mix in the Composition, not doubting that it will be render'd as palatable as possible; being well assur'd you wou'd never offer to put the Mouth out of Taste, without giving very profound and convincing Reasons for the Necessity of such a Proceeding.

I ought

I ought now to give you a particular Account of my Case; but, I find it too long, and too ridiculous to make an Appearance upon Paper. Mere Words, articulated only in Sounds, return immediately to their primitive Air; but when committed to Paper they become *apparent*, and are thereby put in a Capacity of rendering the Authors contemptible to more than the identical Person to whom they are directly address'd. Besides, I value my dear Physician's Health too much to kill her with Laughter; which will inevitably happen, if you are not duly prepar'd for the Relation.

But, that I may be capacitated to perform the same good Offices for you, which I have herein requested you to do for me; nay, that I may even anticipate it—by becoming your Physician before you become mine; let me only know when you are sick—dying—dead—and devour'd with Hyp—Spleen—Melancholy—and Vapours; and I dare engage that the Case you are to cure for me will for ever dispel those tremendous Tyrants from your Breast, and constitute in the room thereof, a successive, never-failing Redundancy of Mirth and Laughter. I am (as well out of, as when in my Senses) my dear Miss C——s

Most obedient and

Most devoted humble Servant.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. T——.

I Received Mr. T——'s Letter with an agreeable Kind of Surprize, which nothing could equal but the Satisfaction of finding myself capable of retaining a Place in your Thoughts. It is really so long since I had the Pleasure of seeing you, that I am almost an utter Stranger to your Person; yet, notwithstanding the Treachery of my Memory in regard to that, I hope it will never be in the Power of Time to eradicate the Esteem I conceive for your Friendship; especially, when I recollect that my Family has been favoured with it from almost the earliest Part of your Life. I have the Vanity to flatter myself, that you will prolong its Continuance to your latest Period; not indeed, that by any superior Merit we may presume to deserve it, but from your apparent unalterable Disposition I imagine we have some Foundation to expect it.

My present Residence is not very far from the *Market-Place*, where I continue immersed in Business and in *Debt*, wishing *Jupiter* to rain me a Shower of Gold; sometimes madly hoping to gain a Competency; sometimes justly fearing Dungeons and Distress! Wherever I am, and in whatsoever Circumstances of Life, I shall always

ways rejoice to see you as a Friend ; and am,
with great Esteem,

Sir, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To the Reverend Mr. S—.

Rev. SIR,

YOUR Favour received demands my earliest Acknowledgment, accompanied with grateful Thanks for your kind Invitation ; of which I should readily accept, were it possible for me to determine the Time ; but, Business confines me : “A Word is enough to the Wise.” I know you have too much Candour to insist on Impossibilities.

I find you profuse in your Compliments, and should think myself happy, were I capable of meriting that Share of Esteem, with which your Partiality favours me. But, alas! Sir, as the Case stands, I have only to fear that your Rhetoric will add to my constitutional Vanity, and enlarge those Sparks of Self-sufficiency inherent in a *female* Frame. Assure yourself, Sir, 'tis my Opinion a Woman ought to tremble at every Compliment addressed to her Understanding. We are (naturally) enough addicted to be fond of our own imaginary Perfections ; and, consequently, every Arrow shot at that

G

Mark

Mark leaves an indelible Impression. The Inference is obvious, and need not be pointed out to a Gentleman of Mr. S——'s Sagacity. For the future therefore, I beg you will give me the surest Token of sincere Friendship, by representing me to myself in my native Deficiency, rather than adorned with the chimerical Ornaments of unmerited Applause.

I am, Rev. Sir, &c.

LETTER XV.

To a Gentleman who wrote to me (having never seen me) on a Character given me by a Friend.

Sir,

HAD my very good Friend Mrs. S. been as ingenuous in drawing my Character, as she was punctual in delivering your Letter, I have Reason to think she would have saved you the Trouble of writing it, and me the Confusion of returning an Answer: For, you must know, Sir, it is such an excessive Number of Years since I have *received*, or even had the Vanity of *expecting* Epistles of this Kind, that if heretofore I knew what to say on such Occasions, Occurrences of greater Consequence have so alter'd the Shape of my Ideas, that I suspect I should

should make a very indifferent Appearance in any Species of *Amour*. Every Word I write is an evident Proof that Love is a Subject quite foreign to my present Turn of Mind: But, as you seemed desirous of a Line from me, you see I am ready to oblige you, though at the Expence of exposing my Ignorance. As to myself, it was never my Ambition to appear superior to the rest of my Sex; who, I think, are in general more remarkable for indulging their Vanity, than endeavouring to conceal their Imperfections. From hence, I presume, it frequently comes to pass, that we talk a long time before we come to the Purpose; and sometimes much longer to no Purpose at all. Whether this is not the Case before you, I leave to your Impartiality to determine: For, notwithstanding all Mrs. S. has advanced in my Favour, I believe you will find it extremely difficult to make any thing of what I have said.

I am, Sir,

Your most (Platonically)

Obliged Servant.



OCCASIONAL
OBSERVATIONS.

THERE is never wanting a malignant Set of Animals, who make it their Business to represent all Occurrences with a satyrical Kind of Inveteracy; by which they are capable of rendering every Action of their Neighbours Lives ridiculous, contemptible, or absurd.

Three Sorts of People are ever ready to venture their Money in Lotteries; *i. e.* People of greedy Dispositions, People of desperate Fortunes, and People of sanguine Expectations. Their Reasons are obvious.

When Want of Shame proceeds from Folly, I believe it is not altogether so incurable as when it is the Result of downright Impudence; for Fools may go to the School of Experience, and learn thereby to be wise.

Hope is a flattering Deluder, and, if too much encouraged, is scarcely to be conquer'd, till she has brought us to the Pit of Disappointment; and then we open wide our Eyes, and wonder at our Weakness!

There are two Sorts of Knaves in the World; one Kind are such by *Principle*, the other through

Com-

Compulsion; and the Gallows, originally design'd for the *Reward* of the former, is generally the *Misfortune* of the latter.

The Women (in regard to Matrimony) may be divided into three Classes:

Foolishly difficult;

Nicely wife;

Neither nice nor wife.

The first Class generally chuse the worst for Husband among many Admirers.

The last Class take the first who addresses them.

The second Class *only* are truly happy in their Choice.

I would advise young Ladies, when they come to Years of Discretion, never to oil their Tongues with a Man of Sense, and carry the Idea of a Fool in their Bosoms.

For a Person to cavil against or speak ill of another on account of their superior Understanding, is the first Mark a Fool is known by, and the last which stands him in any stead.

There is a certain contemptuous Sort of *Silence*, infinitely beyond the keenest Reproach; and you may sometimes return an Affront with much more Severity by an emphatical Grin, than by a Load of opprobrious Language.

There never is an *afflicting* without a *supporting* Providence; and there is much Reason to fear that Men frequently sink under the Weight

of Afflictions, for want of duly considering and rightly reflecting on the Causes for which they are sent. All-gracious Heaven never works in vain, and we ought to regard the Evils of Life as Messengers sent in Mercy by an omniscient Being, to recal us to such a due Sense of ourselves, and our Dependence on Him, as perhaps no other Method could so effectually do: For, such is the unhappy Disposition of the Generality of Mankind, that, were they to live in an uninterrupted Series of Prosperity, they would seldom give themselves Time to meditate on the weighty Solemnity of a Judgment to come. There is a peculiar Kind of *Indolence*, which, when indulged, unaccountably lulls us into a dangerous Security, from whence we degenerate into a thoughtless Insensibility of the Benefits we receive, and to be shamefully negligent of return-our grateful Thanks for the Continuance of them.

When the Soul is fallen into such a Situation, it is Time for Heaven to interpose, and convince us experimentally, that (however we may flatter ourselves) we are not superior to the Misfortunes of Life, nor must we expect an Exemption from them.



PART II.

A N

ESSAY,

Adapted to all Capacities;

W H E R E I N

Some Attempts are made to assign a Cause for the *Unpoliteness* of the People of *no Fashion*; some Reasons offered by Way of Apology for them; with a Request, &c. Originally written for the Benefit of the ancient Borough of *Reading* in particular, but equally capable of being extended to all other Country Towns, whether dignified by the illustrious Title of *City, Borough, Corporation*, or any other Epithet or Appellation whatsoever; concluding with a real Character worth Imitation.

*Men should be taught as tho' you taught them not,
And Things unknown propos'd as Things forgot.*

POPE.



PART II

ESSAYS

Adapted to all Characters

WITH

Some Attempts are made to give a Case for
the Utility of the Study of the History
of the Human Mind, and of the Progress
of the Sciences, and of the Arts, and of
the Improvement of the Human Race, and
of the Advancement of the Human Spirit,
and of the Progress of the Human Mind,
and of the Advancement of the Human Spirit,
and of the Progress of the Human Mind,
and of the Advancement of the Human Spirit,

THE
ESSAYS
OF
MRS. MARY MONTAGUE
ON
THE
ARTS
AND
SCIENCES
IN
GENERAL
AND
IN
PARTICULAR
RESPECTS
TO
THE
EDUCATION
OF
YOUTH
IN
GENERAL
AND
IN
PARTICULAR
RESPECTS
TO
THE
EDUCATION
OF
YOUTH



A N

E S S A Y, &c.

THERE is no Book of Amusement I have hitherto read that has given me greater Pleasure, than *The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews, and his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams*: Nor can there be, in my humble Opinion, a more exact Representation of the *ridiculous* Part of human Manners. The supercilious Behaviour and mean-spirited Conduct of *Lady Booby*: The Affectation of *Mrs. Slipshod*, who would be thought a Woman of fine Sense: The Insolence and Servility of *Mrs. Towwouse*: The Cowardice and sly Baseness of her Husband: The obstinate Stupidity of *Parson Barnabas*: The conceited Ignorance of the Surgeon: And, in short, every Character there exhibited, is finish'd with the most masterly Strokes; and evidently shews, that the ingenious Author was thoroughly acquainted with the different Ideas existent in all Ranks of People, who, as he

he observes (from *Pope*, in his Preface to the Book) are justly liable to Ridicule, for “Not being what they would be thought.”

Among the several Observations dispers'd thro' the Whole, none is more strictly true than that on *High People*, and *Low People*: Nor can there be a more judicious Censure on those who fancy themselves to be People of *Fashion*, when they are, in Reality, People of *no Fashion*.

It is possible that the *fashionable* People in Reading will, according to Custom, find fault with me for being partial in regard to this Particular; * * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * * I hope they will for once concur with me in the following Remarks, *ingenuously* and *impartially*; without imagining *themselves* the least concerned in them: And I beg they will believe me when I declare absolutely, with the most open and undisguised Sincerity, that *there is not a Person of Fashion in the Town*—against whom I shall even mean a single Syllable: Nay, so far from it, that I shall not pretend or presume to fling the most distant Hint at more than one Rank beyond myself: And this Declaration will, I hope, entirely clear me from the Imputation of censuring my *Superiors*; for surely, all People of Fashion (whether
in

in or out of *Reading*) will never imagine *themselves* included among Creatures but *one* Degree above such a contemptible Animal as I am! (Perhaps I may have Assurance enough to ask a *Favour* of them before I conclude; but, it will be as much for the Benefit of other People as myself: And being therefore, tho' in a low Degree, a *public-spirited* Request; I hope, if they do not indulge me in *granting*, they will, at least, excuse my Presumption in *asking* it). And herein I flatter myself with having but a very *few* to deal with; for, the People of *Fashion* in this populous Corporation are so *numerous*, and daily increasing, that a Person can hardly pass the Streets without being almost blinded with the Superiority apparent in their Countenances, or (in case you don't stand off at humble Distance) encountering the amazing Strength of an enormous Cane* Hoop-Petticoat†, *almost* as incapable of *bending*, as are the Knees of those who wear them.

OBSERVATION by the Way.

That all *Fools* are fond of *apeing* their *Betters*: I say *apeing*, because, in general, *their* Imitations are as awkwardly ridiculous as those of that

* Because, perhaps, Whalebone is too dear.

† This Piece was written when Hoop-Petticoats were universally worn.

Animal are to a Man: (though, I would not be thought to intimate that there is *nearly* so much *Resemblance*). And this *apeing* Qualification is become so predominant, and especially among People of *no Fashion* in all Places, that, were it not for a certain *Je ne sçai quoi* inseparable from People of *Fashion*, they would hardly be distinguishable from the other Rank: Not that I would insinuate their being *inimitable* in this, any more than in other Respects; for *Insolence* and *Haughtiness* will supply the Place of *Birth* and *Breeding*, in the same Manner that *Impudence* atones for the *Want of Wit*. *Pride* and *Vanity* never appear'd, without fancying they cut as fine a Figure as *Merit* and *Excellence*; and often impose themselves upon the Injudicious, for the very Things they would be thought.—I see, I am breaking my Promise already; and talking of People of *Fashion*, though I did not intend saying a Word about them: But, I find it difficult to speak of the one, without mentioning the other. However, as I shall only do it *comparatively*, I hope the Deviation may be excused.

I have observed,

§ That People, *not more than* ONE Degree *better than myself* (by which to-be-sure People of *Fashion* will readily grant that I mean People of *no Fashion*) I have observed, I say, that *these* are more afraid of debasing their Honour by the smallest

smallest Degree of Condescension or Complaisance, than even the People of Fashion themselves: For these, in *Reading*, as well as in other Places, *will* vouchsafe to speak to you *in private*: Nay, some of them will favour you with a *distant* Acknowledgment even before two or three Witnesses; but those will tremble if you dare accost them, and return your Compliment with a disdainful *Toss*, looking another Way.

It was a long Time before I could unfold the Mystery of such an unaccountable Demeanour; at length I concluded, at a Venture, that it must proceed from that *Insolence* and *Haughtiness*, which they constitute and appoint to serve in the room of *Birth* and *Breeding*: Not considering, that the Education they pretend to be so well acquainted with would inform them, that a polite Behaviour is only a synonymous Term for, and really includes in it all that we can conceive of a decent, becoming, condescending Complaisance.

§ That they are all wondrously inclin'd to put ill-natur'd Constructions upon the Words and Actions, and blacken with slanderous Censures the Conduct of their Neighbours. Whether this proceeds from an habitual Abuse of the Gift of *Speech*, or whether it is the unhappy Effect of a *constitutional* Distemper, I won't pretend to say: Though, if one was to form a Judgment on the

Opi-

Opinion of a certain eminent *Prelate*, one might reasonably suppose, that People are no more born with *railing*, than with *swearing* Constitutions.

Some, who are violently addicted to this Disorder *themselves*, attribute the Cause of it in *others* to Ignorance only. Again:

Those who take only a superficial View of it, fancy it arises merely from *Want* of Thought: While a third Sort tell you it proceeds from an elegant Sagacity of *Thinking*. But,

Those who pretend to trace it from its *Original* will assert, that it springs from a Complication of Causes, such as Pride, Vanity, Self-Conceit, Obstinacy of Will, Ill-Breeding, and Ill-Nature: Because, (say such) These, or the like, must necessarily unite, before Back-biting and Slander can possibly be produced.

Which of these Opinions is most just; or whether, in different People, they are not all true, I shall leave to the Casuists to determine.

§ That they are all blest'd with an *untbounded* Stock of *Self-Sufficiency*; which inclines them to rest extremely well satisfied in their own Abilities, and to be fully convinc'd of the *BOTTOMLESS* Depth of their *superior* Endowments. For this Reason you shall frequently see a swaggering pragmatical *Jackanapes*, or a saucy impertinent *Female*, giving themselves the Airs belonging to
People

People of *Fortune*, without a Penny in their Pockets, or a Rag of their own to their Backs.

To this *Self-Sufficiency* may be ascribed the extraordinary Pre-eminence they think due to themselves, and the excessive Superciliousness with which they behave to those they are pleas'd to suppose their *Inferiors*. And here let it be noted, that I don't call those their *Inferiors* who are lower *born*, or lower *bred*; for in many Cases this would be *unreasonable*, and in some Cases IMPOSSIBLE. But, by this Appellation, I would be understood to mean those, who have more *Significancy* in their Faces, and fewer *Half-pence* in their Pockets. Nay, so great is the Influence of this Vanity over some People, that I have known a Person not worth Three-pence, insult over another who could *brag* of a whole Groat! If any should be puzzled to find the secret Spring of so odd an Action; let them know, that the affected Blustering of the Three-penny Coxcomb proceeded from the *supernumerary* Advantages of a full-bottom'd Wig over a plain Bob, which the other always wore.

§ I beg leave to observe (tho' perhaps it may be thought somewhat foreign to my Purpose) that the Dignity of Pre-eminence is well enough known, and readily granted by *Inferiors* to those who are several Degrees above them: But the main Difficulty

ficulty lies in distinguishing the particular Measure of Precedency, which ought (*if there be any*) to subsist among People who are nearly on a Level. Not that I find it regarded among the Gentry of this Place, any more than among the rest of the well-bred World; unless as a Trifle they scorn to contend for. But the common Trades-people, and especially those who rise from Obscurity, and among them the *Female* Part, are most passionately fond of the *Form* at least of Superiority, if they have not the *Power* of it. And so predominant is this Desire of it in *some*, that the House of GOD, and his sacred Service, is sometimes polluted with Quarrels for Places! Without adding what I could say on this Particular *from my own Experience*, or making any ill-natur'd Reflections on a Behaviour so unbecoming, indecent, and absurd; I think only to mention it is sufficient to excite the Laughter and Ridicule of the sober and sensible Part of the World.

§ I might indeed add an Observation on a certain Set of People no less numerous in *this* than in other Places, namely, the *Purse-proud*: But, as *some* of the People of *Fashion* may imagine *themselves clandestinely* included in such an Observation, I shall therefore pass them by: For I would not that any thing herein advanced should give the People

ple of *Fashion* (to whose Sentiments I have strictly adhered in the foregoing Remarks) the least Offence. And on this Account it is that I am silent in regard to the *Wits*: For, as it would be a very great Affront, no less than a manifest *Injustice* to insinuate that People of *Fashion* are Fools: So, if I pretended to say a Word about the *Wits*, the People of *Fashion* would conclude themselves comprehended in such a Remark, though I assure them I should be very far from INTENDING any such Thing.

It will be unnecessary to the sagacious Reader, and exceeding the Bounds of my present Intention, to enumerate any farther Observations; since it is evident enough by those foregoing, that the Misbehaviour of the People of *no Fashion* in Reading, derives its Original from a Species of *Illiteracy*, or *Want of knowing better*. To remedy which,

I humbly presume to make my Request * to the People of *Fashion*; in the Name, and on the Behalf of all my Brethren and Sisters, the People of *no Fashion*, that they would unite to set before us a Pattern of those Accomplishments which constitute the Essence of a polite Behaviour.

* See P. 91, L. 4.

Common Experience furnishes them daily with Examples of our great Deficiency in Point of *Civility*: And surely, could they but once be persuaded, that their *fine Breeding* will be of no more Benefit to them hereafter than the *Money they lose at Cards*, they would never be such *Misers* of their *Manners* as to hoard them up among themselves, and then despise and ridicule their Fellow-Creatures for wanting them.

They need not that I remind them of the influential Force of *Example*, or the Prevalence of *Custom*: Now if they could but be persuaded to look on US as a Part of the *human Species*, without that formal Air of *Dignity* and *Distance*, which they assume to themselves in all Places and on all Occasions: If, I say, instead of beholding us *thus*, they would condescend to regard us with an Aspect of Beneficence and Generosity; I fancy it would kindle in our Bosoms a *Veneration*, productive of Esteem and Love from us, to them again. And above all, would lay *us* under an Obligation to regard each other with reciprocal Complaisance, when we reflect, that those who are placed in so superior a Station, and elevated so many Degrees *beyond* us, yet, nevertheless submit to honour us with a friendly Countenance, and a Smile of Good-Nature.

I know of but one Excuse the People of *Fashion* can possibly form to refuse us this Favour,

your, and that is to say, “*They have none to spare.*” But this, I suspect, they will be *asham’d* to make use of: It being reported with undoubted Certainty, that they have not only a prodigious Magazine in common among them all, but that each has a *private Stock* to use as Occasion requires, and that they, in general, *possess much more than they ever employ.*

With what Joy should I congratulate my Brethren and Sisters, the People of *no Fashion*, were I happy enough to obtain, for their Sakes, this *much to be desired Bounty!* Who can express the amiable Order such a Wonder-working Change might produce? Who can conceive how far and wide the undulating Influence might expand itself? Who knows but that it might reach as well to

* * * * *

* * Nay, and to other Country Corporations, no less deficient in Courtesy than ours! May we not even hope that the happy Effect would remain visible in future Ages?

With such an extensive and beneficent Prospect in View, (and which I will be bold to say, is not only a Chimera in Imagination, but may easily be reduced to Practice) I flatter myself that the People of *Fashion* will be so far from endeavouring to raise any Objection against this Scheme, that each will strive with laudable Emulation,

to excel each other in so meritorious an Undertaking.

As I would not, however, be misunderstood in any thing I have hitherto said, or may hereafter say, I beg Leave to assure the People of *Fashion*, before I proceed any farther, that I have not the least Intention to *dictate*, much less to *instruct*: Nor would I, on any Account, presume on so daring an Attempt. But, with all imaginable Respect I most humbly submit my Hypothesis to their superior Judgments: Undoubting, that when, upon due Examination, it shall be found worthy their Regard, they will refine and transcribe it into common *Practice*.

As several of the wisest ancient, and the most learned modern Authors have observed, that *Schemes* are, in general, rather prejudicial than profitable to the first Projector; I hope no one will suppose, that I expect any greater Benefit arising to *myself* by this Proposal, than what will necessarily accrue to all others, on a practical Conformity to the abovementioned Design.

And, for this Cause, I am induc'd to imagine, that I shall not meet with any REBUFF from those of my Superiors, to whom I hereby address myself: For, when they consider my apparent *Disinterestedness* on the one Hand, and the *public Improvement* on the other, they will readily acknowledge the Design calculated for the Benefit

fit of this ancient Corporation *in particular*; though it is capable of being extended to Society *in general*.

I take it for granted, that no one among the People of *Fashion* will be so *injudicious* as to demand “What Business I have to trouble my Head about *them*?” For, they are sensible it is the *Duty* of every Individual, *as a Member of Society*, to propagate any Scheme which bears so indisputable a Tendency of promoting the *Public Good*. And not only a *Duty* but a *Right* inherent by Nature, supported by Custom, and often approv’d of (*tho’ seldom rewarded*) by the Legislature itself.

And, the same Answer may be sufficient to silence the People of *no Fashion*, if *they* shou’d pretend to ask the same Question; tho’ I believe there is little Reason to expect such a Demand from either. For, as the Wisdom and Learning of the *former* will *protect* me on the one Side; so I hope the Gratitude and Interest of the *latter* will *defend* me on the other.

There are but three *Fools* in the Town,* *two* of which perhaps I may affront, and the third is out of the Question. But, as *one Fool makes many*, and consequently *two* will make as *many more*, I beg leave to caution all those whom this may any

* Unless Reader, by being offended, *thou* shouldst be the fourth.

Way concern, not to regard their malignant In-
vectives, or suffer themselves to be led astray by
the Sophistry of their Insinuations. If I hear any
Person inclin'd to find fault with or *cavil* against
this my laudable Proposal or the *Proposer*, I shall
conclude, that one or the other of these two
Fools have been spreading a Mist of Malice and
Stupidity around the *Cavilers* Impartiality:
Which *Mist*, I think it necessary to inform the
Public, is often extended under the very same
Colours that distinguish *Judgment* and *Penetration*:
And the Counterfeit, being by this Means
render'd the less obvious, is the more carefully to
be guarded against. However, I have Reason
to hope (from their remarkable *Wariness* on other
Occasions) that the People of *Fashion* are endow'd
with too much Sagacity to be blinded with any
Pretence, howsoever *specious*, which may decoy
them into the Paths of Error and Mistake.

If any, whether People of *Fashion*, or People
of *no Fashion*, should happen at the Publication
hereof, to be troubled with the *Jaundice*, (a Dis-
order which the Physicians tell us is occasion'd by
the overflowing of the *Gall*) I would advise all
such to refrain from giving their Opinion of
This, till they have regain'd their Complexions:
For, as it has been observ'd by the Learned, that
all Distempers incident to the Body, affect the
Mind in Proportion as they affect the Body; it
is natural to conclude, that the Opinion of a
Person

Person of a *Jaundic'd Constitution* will be tinctur'd with that Redundancy of *Choler* dispers'd over the whole Frame, and consequently, of a very *bitter* Quality: But, suppose such a Misfortune should really happen? I comfort myself in having the less to fear, as the Jaundice is said to be no very infectious Distemper.

Lest People of narrow Views and selfish Dispositions should infer, notwithstanding all I have said to the contrary, that my own Interest is the ultimate End of my Design, I hereby declare, seriously, and solemnly, that I have all imaginable Reason to expect that the Event will terminate very much in my Prejudice: Since all I *Say*, and all I *Do*, has the Misfortune to be misconstrued, or mistaken, by those whose Welfare, and Interest, were it in my Power, I would always take the utmost Pains to promote. And therefore I hope, all considerate People will in Justice acknowledge, that however small my Share of *good Manners* may be, my *good Nature* overbalances the Defect.

Were I happy enough to escape the Censure of Partiality (with which, tho' unjustly, perhaps I may be charged) yet I should be conscious to myself of a superior Crime, namely, that of *Ingratitude*, if I did not take the first Opportunity to mention an Example of all that can be esteem'd Praiseworthy, in the Persons of a truly excellent Pair very near *Reading* (and if I describe I need not name

them) who are endow'd with the real Substance of every amiable Qualification, and every superior Perfection. To their Ability many Indigent owe their chief Support; and, was their Substance equal to their Wills, Poverty would never make a Wretch their Generosity would not relieve: Yet such their noble Magnanimity of Mind, that they endeavour as much to *Conceal*, as to *Bestow*. Such their Humility, and such their Condescension, that they are accessible to the *Meanest*, to hear their Complaints, to commiserate and assist them: For, so great is the humane Beneficence of their Souls, that by a sympathetic Tendernefs, and generous Fellow-feeling, they make every Person's Sufferings their own. This gives a double Lustre to their Liberality; since (instead of being deform'd with that disdainful Air of Insolence and Superiority, which imbitters some People's Benefits even to Wormwood and Gall) it comes ornamented with all the endearing Smiles of Benevolence and Love.

Judicious Thoughts, deliver'd in elegant Expressions, are the natural Result of sublime Ideas: And it is impossible to enjoy the Honour of their Company, without possessing that agreeable Sensation arising in an ingenuous Mind, from the pleasing Contemplation of superior Excellence: For while their courteous Behaviour engages the Sense, their inimitable Conversation captivates the Soul!

Among

Among so many desirable Accomplishments, so seldom united, and so exquisitely blended, 'tis hard to say which most excels: Yet, united as they are, and conspicuous as they appear, they are *little* in Comparison of that Spirit of *Devotion*, which animates, enlivens, and inspires the whole!



PART

Among so many selfish Acquisitive
little animal, and in equally blind
hands as they which work exact: Yet, as they are
every art, and conscious as they appear, they
are like in Comparison of that Spirit of De-
ceit, which animates calvins, and inspires
the whole.



PART



PART III.

POETRY.

Several FRAGMENTS.

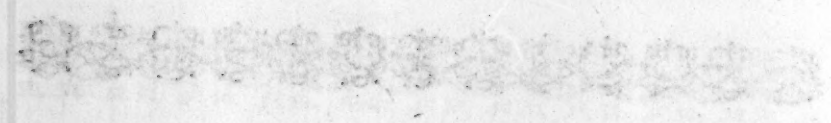
A Pastoral Complaint. A Pastoral Dialogue. Humorous Epistle to a young Lady with a Clog. To the same. To a Lady on the Death of her Mother. Ode to Vanity. Soliloquies on temporal Indigence; inscribed to Mrs. F——. The Danger of spiritual Poverty (a modern Character) &c.

*Short is the Date, alas, of modern Rhymes;
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes:*

POPE.



100



PART III.

P O E T R Y.

S O C I A L F R A G M E N T S.

A Poetical Composition, A Poetical Dialogue, The
mournful Epistle to a young Lady with a Clog.
To the same. To a Lady on the Death of
her Mother. Ode to Emily. Soliloquies on
temporal Indignity, addressed to Mrs. Y—
The Poet of the Poetical Poem (a modern
Christianity, &c.)

There is a Poem, which, of modern Rhymes;
And, as the Poet, is the first five Rhymes.

Page.





P O E T R Y.

A

FRAGMENT of a DREAM.

THE Night her sable Mantle spread,
And Darknefs veil'd the Ground:
No Light but from the Stars, which
shed
Their twinkling Radiance round.
When Slumber made all Motion cease,
And wrap'd my Mind in Rest:
No anxious Cares disturb'd my Peace,
Nor tort'ring Doubts my Breast.
My wakeful Genius tir'd with Night,
To fancied Day-light fled;
Where visionary Scenes delight,
And aërial Spirits tread.
'Twas then a shady cool Retreat,
My rambling Fancy found;
The whistling Warblers chanting sweet,
The Waters murm'ring round.——

To

110 *Miscellaneous Works.*

To Capt. --- of Ld. A---'s Dragoons;

*On his falling from his Horse, and breaking
his Nose.*

Wrote ex-tempore, and sent with a Nose of Clay.

IN Scripture, Sir, 'tis said, we must,
As Dust we are, return to Dust.
Then, Why should you your Nose bemoan?
Since 'tis but just *before* you gone:
And surely, every Booby knows,
That wherefoe'er a Person goes,
He can but follow his own NOSE!

But, since *your* Nose has naughty Tricks,
Not caring in your Face to fix;
And, Villain like, is run away,
I've sent you, Sir, a NOSE OF CLAY:
Undoubting, that you'll take it kind,
I bear your NOSE so much in Mind.
And really, Sir, I think you ought
To thank me for the happy Thought;
That when y' had lost your Nose in *Potter*,
I sent y' again *just such another*.

For, tho' a Man may meet * *his Foes*
In Battle, when h' has lost his Nose;
Yet, *Ladies* often take Aversion,
And think, no Nose a great Asperion:

* Alluding to his being in the Army.

But,

Miscellaneous Works. **III**

But any *Fool*, you know, will pass,
If he has got a *Nose* in 's Face.

Stick This on then, when with your *Love*,
'Twill stick as close as Hand and Glove;
And I'll defy both Great and Small,
To say, you've got *no Nose at all!*

P. S.

Be-sure take care you do not break it,
I took a deal of Pains to make it.

Part of the Third Chapter of
P R O V E R B S *attempted.*

A F R A G M E N T.

1. **M**Y Son forget not thou my Law,
Keep my Commands in Heart:
For Length of Days, long Life, and Peace,
To thee they shall impart.
2. Let not Compassion thee forsake,
And Truth still seek to find:
Write them in Tablets on thy Heart,
Ingraft them in thy Mind.
3. And so shalt thou a Fav'rite be
With God, as well as Man;
But those who trust to their own Strength,
How weak, alas, they stand!

4. In

112 *Miscellaneous Works.*

4. In all thy Paths acknowledge him,
And he'll direct thy Way:
And, be not wise in thine own Sight,
Fear Him, and Him obey.
 5. Honour the Lord with the first Fruits
Of thy increasing Vine;
Thy Barns with Plenty shall be fill'd.
Thy Presses burst with Wine.
-

*DAMON's Complaint for AMYNTA's
Absence.*

(In the Person of a despairing Shepherd.)

AH, hapless Fate, and luckless Day,
That call'd my lovely Nymph away!
O fairest Fav'rite of the Plain,
Desir'd by all, desir'd in vain;
O Thou, my dear, my darling Theme,
My Morning Thought, my Midnight Dream:
Under what Poplar or what Pine
Dost thou thy slumb'ring Charms recline,
While whisp'ring Breezes panting play,
And waft the sultry Heats away?
O Nymph, return to Damon's Call;
See! Floods of Tears in Torrents fall!
By which in Silence are express'd
The struggling Sorrows of my Breast.

But,

But, Ah! how vainly do I mourn,
And with my absent Fair's Return!
Perhaps a more deserving Swain
Detains her on a distant Plain.
Charmer, was all the World my own,
The World I'd change for thee alone,
Its Pomp and Pageantry resign,
If that wou'd make the Fair One mine:
O then return, no longer stay,
But, haste, my Fair One, haste away.

Here, ev'ry Bird, on ev'ry Tree,
Fills ev'ry Twig with Harmony:
The Primrose paints the Banks around,
And Vi'lets strew th' impurpled Ground:
The tow'ring Larks enchanting sing,
And gaily smiles the gladd'ning Spring:
While Flocks compleat the rural Scene,
And frisk, and ramble round the Green.

Beneath yon Oak's expanded Shade,
A lovely Arbour I have made:
The Woodbine, Jess'mine, Vine, and Rose,
In various Twines the Parts compose;
And this I did, O Fair, for thee
To taste the Noon-tide Air with me.

I

Then,

I 14 *Miscellaneous Works.*

Then, O return! thy Charms disclose,
Thou Mistress of my Soul's Repose:
No longer let thy *Damon* sigh;
But, Songs of Joy for Tears supply.

Didst thou, my dear *Amynta*, know
The tort'ring Grievs I undergo;
Pity wou'd, sure, thy Heart incline,
By Sympathy to throb with mine.
O, may the Gods thy Breast inspire,
With some such sympathetic Fire!
And, may'st thou then thy *Damon* bless
In one compleated Happiness!
Then shall our Fates so close be ty'd,
That nothing can our Joys divide:
Thy Kisses shall my Senses charm;
Thy Bliss, my Breast with Bliss shall warm:
Nor will I grieve thy Grievs to share,
O fairest of ten Thousands fair!



A

PATORAL DIALOGUE.

AMARYLLIS, MIRANDA.

AMARYLLIS.

Shepherdes, in yonder Bow'r,
Let us spend a vacant Hour:
For, in harmles Chat, or Song,
Time beguil'd flies swift along.

MIRANDA.

Shepherdes, well spent the Time,
When indulg'd in easy Rhime:
Let us each her Lay improve,
I, on Friendship;—

AMARYLLIS.

— I, on Love.

Love and Friendship, kindred Flame!
Ever equal, still the same.

MIRANDA.

Friendship, Blessing best of Heav'n;
Kindest Gift to Mortals giv'n:
Sample of ætherial Love,
Practis'd by the Bless'd above.

116 *Miscellaneous Works.*

A M A R Y L L I S.

Love with Pow'r subduing sways,
Love commands, and Man obeys.
Conqu'ring Heroes can't withstand
Love's unlimited Command:
Yet, so gentle is his Chain,
That we count our Slav'ry, Gain.

M I R A N D A.

Friendship, gen'rous, noble, free,
Has, nor Slaves, nor Slavery.
But, benevolent and kind,
Spreads Repose upon the Mind!
Amaryllis, hast thou seen
Fair *Orinda* on the Green?
Mistress she of ev'ry Grace,
Beauteous Mind, and charming Face:
She, whom all the Swains approve,
Yet, insensible to Love!

A M A R Y L L I S.

Oft I've heard the lovely Maid
Singing under yonder Shade:
Oft I've seen her move the Fold,
In Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold,
What of her?

M I R A N D A.

The charming Fair,
Friendship only makes her Care. And,

And, in sweet angelic Love,
Imitates the Bless'd above :
Animate by heav'nly Fire
She, and Stranger to *Desire* ;
Like *Diana*, chaste and free,
“ Is the Friend that's made for me.”

A M A R Y L L I S.

Has *Miranda* seen the Swain,
Lovely *Damon*, on the Plain ?
He, with ev'ry manly Grace,
Far beyond the Charms of Face :
Master, he, of ev'ry Art
To ensnare a Virgin's Heart :
Yet, so kind and constant he,
That, he loves alone but me !

M I R A N D A.

Happy she, who can obtain
Such a Heart, and such a Swain !
Yet, less glorious is the Prize
Won by Beauty's conqu'ring Eyes :
Yet, less happy is the Fair,
Who doth by a Glance insnare.
Vanish Lovers, Beauty gone,
Like the Stars at rising Sun !
This you find in Friendship never ;
Friends, like Angels, love for ever !

A M A R Y L L I S.

Love, when rooted in the Heart,
 From its Centre will not start:
 Still increasing out of Measure,
 In a never-ending Pleasure.
 Sweetest Sympathy of Nature!
 Felt, and own'd by ev'ry Creature:
 Happiest Passion of the Mind,
 When from Dross of Lust refin'd.
 Love like *Damon's*, and like mine,
 May be deem'd a Love divine!

M I R A N D A.

Tumults rend the Lover's Breast,
 When with Jealousy oppress'd:
 Madness seizes on his Brain;
 Tortures tear his Soul in twain!
 Dubious Doubts, and dark Suspicions,
 Break his Rest with frightful Visions.
 Melancholy, and Despair,
 Paint his Face with Death-like Air!
 More in Nymphs this rankling Ill,
 Does their Souls with Torment fill.
 Who can speak the Fair One's Pain,
 When neglected by her Swain?
 Who can bear to see her languish?
 Who can utter half her Anguish?

AMA.

A M A R Y L L I S.

Gen'rous Minds, from Distrust free,
Never harbour Jealousy.

'Tis the pitiful Distemper,

Of a narrow selfish Temper:

I, and *Damon*, only find

Pleasure sweet, and Peace of Mind.

Far remov'd mistrustful Fear:

We enjoy the Calm and Clear,

Never dreading stormy Weather,

While in Love we live together.

Blissful Nights crown joyful Days!

And our Flock our Toil repays.

While unspeakable Content,

Flowing from a Life well spent,

Gives so permanent a Joy,

Repetition cannot cloy!

M I R A N D A.

As in Love, in Friendship so

Sweet extatic Pleasures flow;

'Tis a Taste of Heav'n below.

Let thy *Damon* share thy Heart,

Since from him thou can'st not part:

And, in Friendship's sacred Tie,

I'll continue till I die!

To Miss C——.

On her taking one of my CLOGS instead of her own.

M*Y* Compliments to you, my Friend,
 Together with your CLOG I send :
 Hoping you'll take it not amiss,
 I beg my own, and send home This.
 Now, if you like my *old* Clog better,
 You need but let me know by Letter ;
 For, as th' Advantage will be mine,
 I'll chearfully my *Clog* resign.
 But, first I'd have you duly weigh
 What a censorious World may say,
 If they, perchance, should see you wear
Two Clogs, which can't be call'd a *Pair*.
 Full well you know our *Reading Wits*
 Are more impertinent than *Cits* :
 And (which is worse) to SCANDAL prone,
 Bepatter all Names but their own.
 In pointless Wit, obtusely keen,
 Some Dunce, endow'd with scribbling Spleen,
 Perhaps may publish, as a Jest,
 That your two Feet were *oddly* drest.
 The *Punsters* too may pertly flout,
 And say, 'twas *dark* when you went out.

Envious

Envious old Maids grown pale with pining,
May say your Clogs want better *Lining*.

Malignant Laughter, here and there,
May loudly rend th' elastic Air:

'Till, wafted on the Wings of Fame,
Itself can't say, whence first it came.

These *If's*, and *And's*; these *But's*, and
May's;

With twenty more that I could raise;
May pass with you for Reasons plain,
That you return my Clog again.

If, after all, you chuse that rather,
Your Clog, and mine, should go together;
All, on the whole, I have to say,
Is, "If you'll wear such Things, — I *may*."

To the same,

Sent in Return with a bad Guinea.

'T WAS with Concern, and great Surprise,
I found Miss C—— had *no Eyes*!
Else, How was't possible that SHE
Could such an arrant Blund'rer be,
To

To take th' inclos'd for current Met'l,
Which is not fit to mend a Kettle?
Shew't your *Mamma*: She'll soon discover
'Tis *worse* than Brass; 'tis Dross all over!

From such vile Coin, more base than Pewter,
May Heav'n henceforth defend your Scrut're!
And grant you Mem'ry to retain
(What erst you've heard, but heard in vain;
When, by a Fool y'are fairly told)
That "*All which glitters is not Gold!*"

P. S.

Beg Pardon, if I am too bold.

An OBSERVATION.

WHEN *Coxcombs*, out of vain Pretence,
Pretend to talk like *Men of Sense*,
'Tis sometimes prudent, not to show
How much you're *Learn'd*, and what you *Know*,
Deep Thoughts and Wise, if you have any,
Besure you don't expose too many:
"*But, take it for a constant Rule,*"
The better you can act the FOOL,
The sooner you may bring *them* over,
Their Want of Wisdom to discover.

To

To Mrs. FORREST;

On the Death of her Mother.

BROKE from its sublunary Clod,
The Soul ascends apace:
And blythesome greets her native Home,
Beyond unmeasur'd Space.

Superior to the Pow'r of Pain,
Or Death, thy future Blow;
Her Eye no more shall 'wake to weep,
Nor throb her Heart, to Woe.

But, can *Cecilia* cease to mourn
The *Friend*, and *Parent* dear?
When kind Affection forms the Sigh,
And Duty bids the Tear!

Blest Shade! forgive the lucid Drop,
That trembles in her Eye;
And, from a Heart furcharg'd with Grief,
Excuse the grateful Sigh.

Yet know, Thou hast not kill'd her, Death:
A Saint, the Saints among,
She shines, in Lustre tenfold bright;
And joins the sacred Throng.

With

124 *Miscellaneous Works.*

With high Delight supremely blest'd,
(And scorning ev'ry Toy)
Seraphic sings th'inraptur'd Saint,
In scenes sublime of Joy!

To Mr. —

THE Muse distress'd, and half undone,
In Silence mourns her Pain:
And, secret sighs, but sighs alone,
Not daring to complain!

With hard Affliction thus deprest,
And damp'd her drooping Wing;
How canst thou, O my Friend, request
The weeping Muse to sing?

Didst thou but know the wounding Woes,
Which rob her Nights of Rest:
Or, couldst thou *feel* the pungent Throes
With which her Soul's oppress'd:

Thy interchanging Tears would fall
Redundant from thine Eye;
And from thy Breast would, surely, call
The sympathetic Sigh!

Then

Then ask no more, unless thy Pow'r

Her languid Wing could raise :

O, then sublimely would she soar,

To sing her *Maker's Praise!*

Nov. 2, 1758.

AN ODE:

Written on the Prince of WALES's Birth-Day.

WHAT tho' Ambition stings me not?

Yet, warm'd with ardent Fire,

On this *auspicious DAY*, to sing,

My daring Muse, aspire!

What tho', from Palaces remote,

To Courts polite unknown;

Untaught by venal Bribe to fawn,

My Language is my own?

What tho', by Indigence deprest,

I court no Fame, expect no Pay,

Save GEORGE's condescending Smile,

To dignify my rural Lay?

Britannia hails with Joy

The blythe returning Morn,

Which saw her honour'd Prince,

Her future Sov'reign, *Born!*

Illustr'ous

Illust'ous Youth! in Thee,
(As from the Parent Tree)

Great GEORGE's Subjects see,
His Royal Virtues springing forth,
To Glory, Honour, Fame, and Worth:

By Years matur'd, O! may they shine,
As GEORGE's now does, all divine!
And let the rising Generation find
Their Hopes accomplish'd in thy God-like Mind!

As sinks the Sun at setting Day,
And leaves the World involv'd in Night!
So GEORGE, tho' late, to Fate must yield,
Above to reign in Realms of Light:

As o'er the East at rising Morn
Sol shines, majestically gay;
So shall our younger GEORGE arise,
And turn our Darkness into Day:

Where shall we find; when GEORGE is gone,
A King like Him, save FRED'RIC's Son?

With grateful Hearts, in Hymns of Praise
And Shouts of Joy, let *Britain* raise
Her Voice; and Thanks incessant sing
For such an *Heir* to such a *King*!

O D E to V A N I T Y.

All is Vanity!

SOLOM.

HAIL mighty VANITY! illustrious Pow'r;
Resplendent Goddess, HAIL! Perpetual
Source

Of ostentatious, superficial Splendor.

Deign, Goddess, to accept my humble Note;

Accepting, smile propitious! and while I

Her Pow'r renown'd advance, Muse? dictate thou

My Song. As new my Theme, so let my Lays

Be also new. Join all ye Devotees

To great, auspicious VANITY, come, join

In one united Voice her Excellence

To sing; her Pow'r shew forth, her *Worth* declare!

First, let me praise thee in thy Progeny

Of Sons, and Daughters fair; immortal too,

As their great Parent. Self-Conceit the first,

Offspring of *innate-born* Self-Love and thee:

Pride and Vain-glory, Twins; Ign'rance their Sire,

By whom, from thee sprung Error, Bigotry,

And Superstition, with her num'rous Train

Of Relics, Shrines, Processions — Pompous Non-
sense!

Dight in Religion's Garb, to keep Fools under.

Am-

128 *Miscellaneous Works.*

Ambition next, aspiring Son! who calls
 The *titled Ape* and Hero up to Fame.
 Spite, Envy, Passion, Malice, and Revenge,
 Surly Disdain, and saucy Insolence,
 Besides innumerable more are thine,
 O foremost, fav'rite Goddess of the World;
 Mother of ev'ry Vice among Mankind,
 Eldest of Nature, thou! who know'st to rule,
 Despotic, ev'ry Heart from Kings to Clowns:
 Much be thy Reign rever'd, rever'd thy Pow'r!

By thee excited *Heroes* rush to War;
 Exult in Danger, and defy Distress:
 Hurl the dread Thunder round their falling Foes,
 And breathe pale Slaughter thro' th' amazed Field:
 (Where Terror tremulous distorts the Face,
 And Cow'rdice sickens with aghast Dismay;
 Whilst Fire impetuous drives whole Troops to
 Death,
 In Anguish, Agonies, and Blood, and Groans.)
 For thee they deal this dire Destruction round,
 Impell'd by thee, they smile at Wounds and Woes;
 Rejoice to lift the murd'rous Weapon high,
 And plunge it in the Bosoms of their Foes!
 Hid for a while in all the Toil of War,
 They, daring, mock the Toil, nor shun the Snare:
 Then,

Then, breaking dauntless thro' the vanquish'd
Bands,
Emerge to *Glory* from a *Sea of Gore!*

Upheld by thee, the *Patriot* loudly pleads
His Country's Honour, and his Country's Cause.
Eulogiums round him rise; his grateful Land
Reverb'rates his Renown with loud Acclaim!
His *Nation's* LAST Resource: On him they lean,
As on the Pillar that with-holds their Fall,
Or as the Rock on which their ALL is stay'd!
To him they look for Aid; Him they implore
To nobly turn aside th'impending Blow,
And drive Destruction from the reeling State.
By Thee inspir'd, he hears the solemn Call;
By Thee inspir'd, he wakes to rising Fame;
For Thee he labours with unceasing Toil,
And bears the Burthen of his Land—for Thee.

Let modest Merit shun the public Voice,
Of popular Applause, and seek to screen,
Her Virtues by some Stream, or in some Shade
Indignant of false *Honour!* Fonder Thou
Of Titles and Preferments, dazzling Joys!
Which Thou alone canst teach *truly* to taste,
And tasting, to admire. Encompass'd round
His Grace, with splendid Equipage and Pomp,

Struts, with a solemn, supercilious Air,
 Emphatically scornful! while around
 The cringing Multitude, in gazing Site,
 Behold the *mean Parade* with Ideot Wonder!

The Rev'rend *Priest*, who points to Heav'n
 the Way;

And teaches Man his *Maker* to adore,
 Labours for Thee, and oft for Thee alone;
 Tho' hid in close Recesses of his Heart,
 Thou seem'st no Sharer in the toilsome Task:
 Nor dost Thou e'er appear, till glitt'ring Gleams
 Of *mitred* Glory strike his ardent Eye:
 Rapacious then he flies and seizes fast,
 With grasping Hand, and eager Wish, the Toy!
 Yet, Thou in formal Gravity precise,
 (Thy Prudence such, and such Thy wond'rous
 Skill)

Appear'st Humility, and Meekness mild.
 How strange thy Art! E'en *Proteus*, changing
 God,

Cou'd ne'er assume so many Forms as Thee!

With Dignity profound, and State superb,
 Behold! the *Judge* advances to the Bench.

Mix'd with *his* Wisdom, Thou e'en *there* can'st
 find

A Seat — a Throne — a Temple in his Breast!
 Around,

Around, his brawling Brethren stand, prepar'd
(For Fee and Int'rest much, but more for Thee)
By cunning Artifice, evasive Fraud,
Wrangling Sagacity, and shrewd Chicane,
To *baffle Reason*; and, by subtle Shift
And dint of *Impudence* to vex the Cause.
Tott'ring *Opinion* reels from Side to Side;
And meagre *Discord* swells her snaky Crest:
Justice, confounded with discordant Sounds,
Retires unmiss'd — unseen. Then clam'rous
Tongue

And Front of Brass prevail: And *Vict'ry* bold
Assumes the Sceptre *Justice* whilome sway'd!

The grave *Physician*, emulous for Thee
Turns *Galen* o'er and o'er, and ransacks all
The num'rous Tribe of contradicting Pens:
Visits, revisits, orders, and prescribes,
'Till he by *Skill*, or *Chance*, removes the Cause,
Or else confirms the Ill. Sustain'd by Thee,
If *bad* th' Effect, on *Nature* flings the Blame;
If *good*, his Med'cines wrought the wond'rous
Cure.

The *Orator*, in sweet Persuasion dipp'd
His Tongue, and forcive Eloquence, declaims
And wastes his Lungs for Thee, delusive Good,

132 *Miscellaneous Works.*

Parent of sublime Nonsense, and Self-Praise!
 Conspicuous Thou in ev'ry well-turn'd Thought,
 Express'd with high Sublimity of Style;
 Mellifluous warbling thro' th' attentive Ear,
 And stealing sweetly o'er th' enchanted Soul.

The wise *Philosopher*, with Face demure
 Who studies Nature, and in Science skill'd
 Searches the hidden Cause, and Sources deep
 Of Wind, Rain, Frost, Snow, Tempest terrible:
 The Atmosphere, of Fire, Air, Salts, and Oil;
 How blended, how dilated, how condens'd,
 How rarified: By what attractive Pow'r
 The Sun exhales in Vapours from the Earth,
 Rivers, and Seas, our moist prolific Show'rs.
 The Revolutions various, and the Course
 Of Planets, and the planetary Train.
 The Heav'ns immense he reads, and there de-
 scries
 Worlds beyond Worlds, innumerable and vast;
 To which compar'd our Earth is but a Point,
 And dwindles into NOTHING! And the Sun,
 Which by a Force unsearchable and great
 Darts down th' Ætherial Fire, is but ONE Ray
 Deducted from the universal WHOLE!
 These, and yet greater Wonders he explores,

As

As (animated by thy mighty Pow'r)
H' anatomizes Nature for new Fame.

Authors of ev'ry Kind (thine be the Praise!)
Or Gay, or Grave; or Moral, or Divine:
Ancient, and Modern; Learned, and Unlearn'd,
Have often wrote, and often write for thee.
Yet, strange Effect of Might! How frequent thou
Rising against thyself, in various Shapes
Of Critics, Cav'lers, Beaux, and *Men of Taste*,
Thyself can'st contradict, confute, condemn,
Blacken, defame, asperse, and scandalize!

That Animal contemptible and pert,
In Self-Sufficiency and Folly dight,
Yclep'd a *Coxcomb*, were it not for thee
Would be an — empty *Nothing*! At thy Shrine
Ardent, and fervent, in Prostration low,
He offers up his *Noon-Day* Pray'r, and Praise,
And humbly begs thy kind assisting Care:
Nor dost thou, grateful Goddess, oft refuse
Thy *gewgaw* Votary his idle Wish.
Full of thy Influ'nce then he flutters forth
(The Monkey Mimic of a Gentleman)
In all his tinsel gaudy Glitter, gay.
To thee he owes th' Oeconomy of *Dress*;

134 *Miscellaneous Works.*

Of *Dress!* his chieftest, most substantial Care,
Unless, to captivate the *Ladies* Hearts
The *self-admiring Toy* should boldly dare!

The gay *Coquette*, by ev'ry Art adorn'd,
By ev'ry Fool admir'd, address'd, ador'd,
Becomes *the Riddle of her Sex* for thee!
From thy unceasing Impulse on her Soul
Proceed these Torrents of Impertinence,
And Insolence, and Pride, which overflow,
Impetuous; and ungovernably strong
Break *Reason's* sacred Bounds; and swelling still,
Drown ev'ry Wish but that of pleasing Thee.
For Thee she decks herself in *studied* Airs,
Consults her Glass, and ponders to ensnare,
Darts her infectious Glances, smiles to wound;
Vows — breaks her Vows --- and jilts her Swains
for thee!

Confess'd thy Force in ev'ry four-fac'd *Prude*,
By formal Dressing, Countenance askance;
By Mien majestic, Complaisance absurd,
Exact Decorum, and unbounded Pride.

The hollow-hearted *Hypocrite* full fraught
With mean Diffimulation, and base Guile,
Uplift his Eyes, high-rear'd his Hands to Heav'n,

By

Miscellaneous Works. 135

By Tears and Maceration, (cunning Fraud!)
Beguiles the Fool, imposes on the Wife,
Deceives his Soul, and pawns his GOD for thee!

Search we the Lifts of Fame? Thy Name
enroll'd

In ev'ry Page we read: In early Days,
(As now) wert thou esteem'd, admir'd, ador'd:
Thy Thrones innum'rous, and thy Temples
throng'd

For various Wants with various Devotees.

When sinking Kingdoms, doom'd by Fate to
fall,

By Jove's Permission grac'd the Victor's Arm,
In thy full Height, majestically bright,
Enwreath'd thou shon'st refulgent on his Brow!
What, without Thee, had been his Laurel
Crown?

His Fame, and Glory, What? mere Trifles all.
Thou crown'st his Conquests with his *own Esteem*,
And bid'st th' immortal *Muses* sing his Deeds
As Patterns to a future, wond'ring Age!

Why taught Philosophers in Days of Yore
Fantastic Notions of ideal Good
Chimerical, impossible, and vain?

136 *Miscellaneous Works.*

Why? but to gratify, and pamper thee,
Insinuating Pow'r! *their* Good supreme.

Whence sprung th' immortal Gods? From
Thee alone;
From Thee their Beings, and their Works from
Thee!

PARENT of DEITIES, *great* GODDESS! *Hail:*
Immortal Praise to *Thee*, first sought of Men,
And least, and last forgot! But — weak my
Skill

To sing thy inexuperable Pow'r,
Or give thee just Applause. In ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Kingdom, every Scene of Life,
With Sov'reignty supreme, Thou rul'st our
Hearts

And guid'st our Actions all! Alone for Thee,
Surpassing Pow'r! we fight, we toil, we write;
Dispute, confute, confound, affirm, deny.

By Thee conducted, all Mankind aspire
In diff'rent Paths to Honour and to Fame:
E'en sweet Retirement and unactive Ease,
No less than Glory, Greatness, and Renown,
Oft owe th' Inlargement of their Charms to
thee:

For

For Thou, by various Ways in various Shapes
And pleasing Form appearing, win'st our
Hearts;
Subduing NATURE's, conqu'ring REASON's
Laws,
And ruling all Things with superior Pow'r!

HAIL VANITY!



SO-

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SOLILOQUIES

ON

TEMPORAL INDIGENCE.

I will speak in the Bitterness of my Soul.

JOB.

*How many pine in Want, and Dungeon Glooms;
Shut from the common Air, and common Use
Of their own Limbs. How many drink the Cup
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter Bread
Of Misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry Winds,
How many shrink into the sordid Hut
Of cheerless Poverty, &c. —*

*How many, rack'd with honest Passions, droop
In deep retir'd Distress —*

THOMSON.

'Tis true, 'tis Pity : Pity 'tis, 'tis true!

SHAKESP.



TO
MRS. A. J. O'NEILL

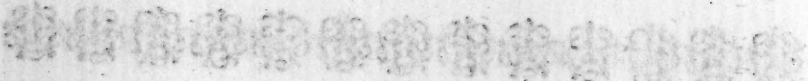
GENERAL INDIGENCE

And back in the Bazaar of my soul
For

And back in the Bazaar of my soul
For
Of their own kind. How many that the day
Of happy days, or at the dawn of dawn
Of happy days, or at the dawn of dawn
Of happy days, or at the dawn of dawn
Of happy days, or at the dawn of dawn
Of happy days, or at the dawn of dawn

How many, and with honest passions, deep
And deep in the Dispel —
Thompson.

It is not, as they say, the way
Shall be.



TO
MRS. F-----:

THESE
SOLILOQUIES
ON
TEMPORAL INDIGENCE,

Are humbly Inscrib'd,

BY

Her most grateful

And obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

TO

Mrs. F. A. [illegible]

THESE

COLLECTED

ON

THE [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Fall of Empires, and the Fate of Kings,
An arduous Task, too weak the Muse to
sing,

To Bards sublime resigns the lofty Theme:
And, in her humble Cottage, *Grief-inspir'd*,
Would only weep the Mis'ries Thousands feel
From meagre Poverty, and pale Distress!

But say, To whom shall I address my Lay?
A Song of suff'ring Indigence, alas,
Meets only with the Snap of *upstart* Wealth,
The supercilious Scorn of Dignity,
The Spurn of Pride, and Insolence of Pow'r!

To such, unheard, unheeded, or unmourn'd,
The hapless Muse may, forr'wing, sing in vain:
Dull, tedious, and unpleasing is the Strain, ~
Tho' *Syrens* sing, to unregarding Ears,
And Hearts impenetrable to Complaint!

Address

144 *Miscellaneous Works.*

Address not then the Croud, O mournful
Muse!

The *Croud*, inhospitable, and unkind,
Attempt not thou by plaintive Song to charm:
[Less dare, by hateful Flatt'ry's fulsome Arts
Degrade the Dignity of TRUTH, Sky-born,
And stoop, O Meanness! to bedaub with Praise
The Wretch who merits foul Reproach, and
Blame.

Detested stand the Crime! Be such, my Muse
Thy *Censure*, not thy *Song*. Let *Fortune's* Fools
Be Fools to Knaves, and in their Bosoms warm
That Caitiff vile, that Scum of human Race,
(Of falsely charming, pois'nous Mischief full)
The sly, insinuating Sycophant;
Who, warbling Venom thro' the cheated Ear,
Malignantly mellifluous, baffling Truth,
Wide spreads Perdition o'er the Hood-wink'd
Soul,
Destructive Theme, and sings it into Ruin!

For me, whate'er my Portion here below,
Or Penury, or Plenty; Grief, or Joy:
Be Truth celestial, Mistress of my Muse,
And shine in sacred Splendor thro' my Song]

But, Come ye humble-hearted heav'nly FEW:
Ye, who in Deeds munificent delight,

Deeds

Deeds truly glorious to immortal Fame,
 And enter'd in the high Records of Heav'n!
 Ye, who in meek Humility of Soul
 Regard the Meanest with fraternal Love;
 Come, join your friendly Sorrow, and indulge
 (In tender Sympathy for *Others* Woes)
 The fluid Crytal, and compass'ionate Sigh.
 But chiefly THOU, to whom th' advent'rous Muse
 Aspires, tho' trembling, with her penfive Theme,
 F——st, supremely lovely; lovely There,
 In Gentleness of Mind! — Let PITY warm,
 Let Pity, ardent, warm THY gen'rous Breast:
 Pity *Thy* gen'rous Breast ne'er warm'd in vain,
 And in *Thy* Pity — Who can live unblest'd?

Thro' Manners mild, and Conversation chaste
 Shines forth the innate Greatness of *Thy* Soul!
Thy decent Wit, most elegantly keen,
 Without the Sword of Satire, or its Sneer,
 In sparkling Liveliness, corrected, shines.
 Cogent *Thy* just Rebuke; yet, temp'rate too:
 Untarnish'd with the Mildew of Reproach,
 Unmix'd with the Malignance of Disdain.
 Impartial, and unprejudic'd *Thy* Praise;
 Not such as fawning Sycophants prepare

L

To

146 *Miscellaneous Works.*

To captivate deluded Fools, but such
As dignifies superior Excellence,
Draws modest Merit, blushing, from her Cave,
And in her own Refulgence bids her shine.

By Judgment penetrating, and profound,
(On wise Experience built, by Candour sway'd)
Thou ne'er but from Conviction disapprov'st,
Nor ever wilt, without Desert, commend.

Thy Charity, How amiably sincere!
With every Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry Charm
Compassion and Benev'lence can bestow!
Pouring forth Pity in the tender Tear,
With inward-bleeding, deep-felt, Soul-concern
Thou mak'st Misfortune smile, and Need retire.
Thy lib'ral Hand dispenses Bounty round,
Refreshing as the humid Influence
Of Ev'ning Dew to thirsty Field and Plain,
When scorch'd by noon-tide Heat of Summer
Sun.

Salubrious, *Thou* the Widow's with'ring Heart
Canst heal, and harmonize the Orphan's Tongue
To blythesome Songs of Gratitude and Joy.
No secret-sighing, silent-weeping Want,
No Worth in Woe, no Virtue in Distress,
Can secret sigh, or silent weep in vain!

O,

O, *Thou*! Soul-dignify'd with ev'ry Grace;
Philanthropist, and universal Friend
Of all Mankind! Bright Star the Stars among
Of Influence benign — One kindly Ray
Of *Thy* Refulgence, in a soften'd Smile
Of Condescension, and Approvance kind,
Effuse, scintillant, on my humble Song!
Inliven'd by *Thy* Lustre, may it shine,
While Malice impotent disgorges Rage,
And surly Critics spend their Spleen in vain!

No sublunary Bliss like *Thy* Regard;
No Ill terrestrial equal to *Thy* Frown!



*Smote with Compassion for a Heart-felt Woe,
O, May some gen'rous, Heav'n-directed Minds
Reduce the Padlock that confines my Fate,
And bid her Fetters fall! Pour gracious Heav'n
On Such, as such there be, Thy choicest Gifts,
Calm Peace of Conscience, and celestial Joy!*

Soliloquy I.

BEHOLD, What Prospects vast of Mis'ry
rise

In complicated Site! Idea starts,
Nor bears the shocking Scene but with Amaze!
Where? Which Way shall I turn? or Here, or
There;
Behind, Before, in Contemplation rapt,
And hard Experience —— (O, —— my bursting
Heart!)

I see, I hear, I feel, the Tears, Pray'rs, Pangs,
Of inexpressible Calamity,
Sinking in the Abyss of Wretchedness;
Accumulated Wretchedness and Woe!

Soli-

Soliloquy II.

O, Ye? "with Insolence high flown," who
bask

Luxurious in the Sunshine, and the Smiles
Of Affluence and Ease! O, Ye? who rise
Erect on Fortune's ever-whirling Wheel,
Forgetful of her ever-changeful Face!

O Ye? who dance the giddy Round of Joy,
Unmindful of the Future, or the Past!

Look from your tott'ring Heights, look humbly
down

The Croud upon, who *crawl* in Dust beneath:
Your Envy erst, perhaps, and now your Scorn!
We, Fortune's Foot-balls, once like *you* could
wing

With golden Plumes, to Pleasure's flow'ry Paths
Our wanton Way: Could revel in the Bow'rs,
Th' ideal Bow'rs of unsubstantial Bliss.

The slipp'ry Summit of Ambition's Hill
Like You, *We* fought, *We* soar'd: And You,
like *Us*,

May seek for—soar to—fall from—and—*be hurl'd*
To unknown Realms of Ruin, and Distress.

Unknown to *You*: To *Us* well known; and felt
Th' impetuous Violence of the stormy Clime!

Soliloquy III.

O INDIGENCE! of Heav'n the bitt'rest Rod;
, Temp'ral Damnation! Hunger, Thirst,
and Grief;

Fear, Jeopardy, Distraction, Anguish, Thrall:
(Best Representative, tho' far, far short
Of what the Impious must *for ever* feel)
Thy Aspect hideous 'frays my shrinking Soul!
Thy Hand, more dreadful, with the dreggy Cup
Of foul Misfortune full, and Scorpion Sting
Of Disappointment, thrilling thro' the Heart!

HOW HORRIBLE TO BEAR?

Soli-

Soliloquy IV.

BY sympathetic Tenderness of Soul,
How few who know the pungent Smart
to feel
Without the dire Experience of its Pow'r!

Soliloquy V.

WITH tearful Eye, how frequent have
I seen

The paltry Tester—drawn (as't were by Force!)
And with a fullen, magisterial Air

Flung, brutish, on the Ground: While the pale
Wretch

(Less abject than the Swine whose Husks he
craves)

Perhaps with Sicknefs pain'd, and Want
oppress'd,

Can scarcely stoop to glean the trifling Prize.

Is *this*, O Heav'n, the Mercy *Thou* shalt crown?

Is *such* the Charity Thou shalt regard

To endless Ages with eternal Smile?

Ah, No!—'tis Virtue blacken'd into Vice,

By Insult poison'd, and by Pride undone!

Soli-

Soliloquy VI.

STRANGERS to meek Compassion's
tender Touch,

Th' obdurate MANY, fullen or severe,

Or silent frown, or surly turn aside,

Or angrily reject the Suppliant's Pray'r

With scoffing Insolence, in Terms like these.

" Begone with your Impertinence, begone ;

" And trouble *Us* no more : Go, tell your Tale

" To Fools, who credit such dissembling Cant :

" We're not dispos'd to have our Ears abus'd

" With sham Pretences, and unreal Tears."

O Poison'd Darts, unutterably keen,

Piercing with Agony the tortur'd Heart :

O, Vinegar and Gall to fest'ring Wounds,

Increasing Smart, " severer for severe !"

Soliloquy VII.

BUT, most superlatively wretched He,
The Man of *gen'rous Mind!* whose Morn-
ing Dawn,
Delusive, flatter'd him with rising Joys;
Nor indicated Storm. Not him I mourn,
Whose wild Extravagance, and lewd Excess,
(His Fall his Choice) eclips'd his Noon-day Sun;
But Him, by Whirlwinds of hard Fate impell'd
(How sudden, and how sad the dreadful Change!)
Against the sterile Rock of **POVERTY**,
Wash'd by the wintry Waves of Want and
Woe!

Soli-

Soliloquy VIII.

DISTRACTING Situation! How deplor'd,
And how deplorable--*well knows the Muse!*
For *SHE*, in sharp Affliction's School long train'd,
Has learnt to suffer; and still knows to bear
Ten thousand, thousand agonizing Pangs
Inherent and peculiar to *THAT* State
Where Indigence her Influence exerts,
And with her brings a miserable Train
Of weeping Sorrows, inly throbbing Pains,
Heart-rending Anguish, and afflictive Grief:
Grief of the Mind—How bitter to be borne!
Remorse of Conscience *ONLY* can exceed!

Soliloquy IX.

SEE! hungry *Creditors*, like rav'ning Wolves
 Impatient for their Prey draw mutt'ring on,
 And meditate Destruction! Far and wide
 Extends th' incessant Growl. Each Straggler
 hears,
 And hastens to secure his Share of Plunder.
 While Malice (high uplift her *Hydra* Chest)
 Rending the Air with twice ten Thousand
 Tongues,
 Increases twice ten-fold the Savage Roar!

Soliloquy X.

ASTOUNDED stands the Debtor! how
to fly

The Way unknown; and to repel the Storm
Impossible and vain! Nor Sighs, nor Tears,
Nor supplicating Pray'rs avail him more:

For lo! forth issuing, dreadful from his Den,
And unexpected, as the Ball of Fate

Against the tott'ring Tow'r, now doom'd to fall,

Th' HYÆNA* of the LAW, subtle and fell,

Arm'd with terrific Pow'r, descends, and drags

Relentless, to Confinement's irksome Cell,

His trembling, fainting, unresisting Prize.

Confinement! shocking Sound!—detested Place!

Uncouth and drear! the worst, abhorr'd Abode

Of exquisite Distress, and nameless Pain!

* *i. e.* Bailiff.

Soliloquy XI.

A TIME of Affluence long since he knew,
And with Regret remembers, when his
FRIENDS

Thick swarm'd around him, as the busy Bees
Thick swarm the Bean-flow'r round; and, while
they drew

From his Beneficence essential Sweets,
Could vow eternal Gratitude! But now ——
Long lull'd by Fortune to profound Repose,
And sunk in Softness, they nor fear, nor feel,
Nor ought regard a sinking Sufferer's Woe:
But keep their Honey to enrich their Hive,
Forgetful of their Gratitude and Friend!

Soli-

Soliloquy XII.

NEGLECTED, helpless, hapless and forlorn,
Sits the pale shiv'ring Wretch. Dejection
sad

Hangs o'er his bending Brow: Now from his
Breast,

Deep smote with Grief, ascends the Sigh sincere;
And from its secret Source the sudden Tear,
Emblem of Anguish, gushes from his Eye!

Soli-

Soliloquy XIII.

WHEN home he turns his Thought, before
him rise

Ideas of his tender widow'd Wife

In silent Sorrow weeping o'er her Babes :

The scanty Morfel gone, and Hunger high

Again demanding wonted Nourishment

With speaking Eye, with undisguis'd Complaint,

And all th' Artillery of artless Woe!

O then! With more than *Labour* Pangs oppress'd

From here to there---From Friend to Friend she
flies,

But flies, alas, in vain. No Friend she finds!

(For *Charity*, expell'd from modern Breasts

In these *new-fashion'd* Days, and northern Climes,

Sits *naked* on the Tomb-stones of those Friends,

Whose Hearts in Days of Yore she us'd to warm;

The Tear, which melted erst at human Woe,

Now to a pointed Isicle congeal'd,

Her furrow'd Face with chearless Gloom deforms,

Herself ALMOST to Petrification froze

Scarce bears faint Semblance of her pristine Form!)

All shake their Heads, and sigh, and say they
pity,

And wish 'twas in their Pow'r to lend Redress!

Soli-

Soliloquy XIV.

NOR These alone the joyless Pris'ner feels:
For oft, (th' Effect of Nastiness impure)
Unwholsome Exhalations, dank and dire;
Arise, and with the circumambient Air
Commixing, settle on the vital Springs
Of Health; and clogging up the Channels fine
Of Perspiration, cause the Blood to creep
Torpid and heavy thro' the loaded Veins;
'Till stagnate, it becomes a putrid Mass,
Replete with Death-like Damps and fev'rish
Fires!

Soliloquy XV.

THUS, with ten thousand other nameless Ills,
Thus groans *Necessity!* in Chains fast bound,
Bound to the adamantine Rock of Woe:
Long threat'ning Tempests bursting o'er his
Head,

Wide spreading wild Disorder and Dismay.
Thunders tremendous harsh Destruction round!
And Anguish keen pervades his sick'ning Soul:
Procumbent at his Right Hand melting Grief;
Vindictive at his Left, Distraction raves.
By Friends forgot, and by Acquaintance shun'd,
Encompass'd close by persecuting Foes,
Upward he turns his Eye, sees Hope take Flight;
Downward, and meets the sullen Fiend, Despair!
O-----but to *break* th' inexorable Bond ——
The Bond inexorable mocks his Toil,
And, when he strains it most, it-----galls him more.

Soliloquy XVI.

(With particular Reference to Mrs. —r and C^o.)

NOW Calumnies arise, and *black* Reproach
Triumphant croaks aloud, and joyful claps
Her *Raven* Wing! Insinuations vile
And stand'rous spring from pestilential Breath,
And Tongues thrice dip'd in HELL. Contagion
foul

Stems from th' infernal Furnace, hot and fierce,
And spreads th' infectious Influence o'er his
Fame!

Then each unworthy, ignominious *Fool* *
Each FEMALE *Basilisk* with forked Sting,
And outward-seeming, Heart-unmeaning Tear
(Offspring most loathsome of *Hypocrisy*,
That vile, detested, double-damning Sin :
Confusion, and Perdition! Overwhelm
And *blast* them, execrable, into Ruin!)
Chin-deep in Malice shoot their bitter Darts
Of Mock'ry and Derision : Adding, fly,
Th'invidious Wink, the mean, *contemptuous* Leer,
And flouting Grin, “ *emphatically scornful.*”

* *Large* PSAL. 14. Dixit insipiens, ver. 5, 6, 7. & PSAL. 35.
Judica me, Domine, ver. 11, 12, 15, 16, 20, 21, 24, 25, 26.
and PSAL. 56. ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

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Nor less th' insidious Knave, *supremely* dull!
 Mixture of Monkey, Crocodile, and Mole,
 Yet stupid as the Ostrich, Ass, and Owl;
 In high Redundance of *Typhonic* Rage,
 With harsh Stentorian Tone, disdainful, flings
 Unmerited Reflections, veh'ment, long,
 Nonsensical and noisy. Vain, he struts
 With domineering Insolence replete,
 And, lordly, tramples on Distress in Anguish.



Soli-

Soliloquy XVII.

WITH Such, 'tis Money ONLY makes a
Man:

Good Sense, good Nature, kind Benevolence;
The open Heart, sincere and undisguis'd,
Th' accomplish'd Mind, Sublimity of Thought,
Unblemish'd Honour and Integrity;
E'en Piety itself!—ALL, All to *such*,
All, All, save GOLD, is—Dross! Necessity,
And adverse Fate they blacken into Blame:
Thence (from th' inherent *Dullness* of their Brains,
In *Self-Opinion* wisest of the Wife)
Draw false Conclusions, barb'rous and absurd,
That “Sure th' *Afflicted* must be false, or vile!
Can *Poverty* proceed from aught save Crime?”
Thus Indigence is branded into Vice!
But—“Heav'n is just,” and tho' he stays the
Blow,
The Blow of *Vengeance*, yet, e'er long, 'twill fall
With double Wrath on their *devoted* Heads!

Soliloquy XVIII.

O REPUTATION, far than Gold more dear!
More dear than Rubies, or the lucent Stone
Which drinks Refulgence from th' etherial Ray:
O REPUTATION, Blessing best of Heav'n!
Delicious LIFE of Life; choice Balm of Woe:
Soul-sweet'ning Consolation! whisp'ring Peace
Amid the Uproar of the frantic Storm:
Compleat the Wretch who drags the Clog of Life,
Thy e'er-reviving, Life-exceeding Charm
A Victim, immolate to vile Contempt,
By Malice smitten, and by Slander slain!

Soli-

Soliloquy XIX.

WHO bleeds not dying Fame? What Heart
of Stone

Pays not the mournful Tribute of a Tear,
And sighs Compassion for a NAME undone?
That cruel Aggravation Distress;
Of Want the Scourge, and deepest Wound of
Woe!

Soliloquy XX.

THY Loss alone sufficient Load to bear :
Without THEE, Health, Wealth, Liberty,
and Friends,
Are Bubbles, rising in the turbid Stream,
Or Feathers, dancing in th' elastic Air.

Soli-

Soliloquy XXI.

THÉE, present, I adore! What tho' my Fate
Penurious, dooms me to Adversity;
And round besets me with a rayless Gloom
Of dark Obscurity? What tho', alas,
Impending RUIN, by a COBWEB stay'd,
Hangs in Vibration horrid o'er my Head?
(Propitious Heav'n! avert its dreary Fall.)
What tho', by hard Vexation close besieg'd,
Swift thrilling thro' my Soul sharp Anguish flies:
And *Fear*, grim Tyrant, deepens ev'ry Groan?
What tho', thus sore depress'd, my throbbing
Heart
Reverb'rates quick from Change to Change of Pain,
No single Moment unfurcharg'd with Woe?
What tho', immerg'd in Tears, my wakeful Eye
Forgets not oft the lucid Drop to pour,
Wat'ring my pallid Cheek with briny Dew,
While wasting Sickness shakes my tott'ring Frame?
Yet *hitherto*, THY LITTLE BARK withstands
The angry Surge, and contumacious Wave.
O, safely, may'st thou still the Storm defy!
Nor reck the Winds of Spite, Contempt, and
Scorn,
Bleak, boist'rous and unruly, raving round
In mad Confusion and tumultuous Roar. Soli-

Soliloquy XXII.

YET This, e'en THIS—ah What? th' Afflicted ask:

Makes it less grievous Grief, less painful Pain,
Ask ye the Starving: If they feed on Fame
Doth it the famish'd Appetite suffice?
Is it cold Water to consuming Thirst;
Can it the vacant Purse with Gold supply?
Shields it from Nakedness the shiv'ring Limbs?
Is it the Winter Sun, which gently warms?
Or Summer-refreshing, undulating Breeze?
Calls it the Pris'ner from his dark Restraint
To reinstate him in the Joys of Day?
No, these it cannot. If it cannot these,
What is it more than aërial Phantasy?

A Glade of Satisfaction, blunting oft
THE DAGGER OF DISTRESS. —

Soli-

Soliloquy XXIII.

YET maugre REPUTATION, Grief will still
Be Grief, and Want be Want, and Pain
be Pain;

And human Nature, human Nature still :
And human Nature by *great Nature's* Law
Is delicately sensible of Grief
Much more than Joy : And *Man*, hard-fated *Man*!
Has, for one Gleam of short delusive Joy,
In long Succession ceaseless, various, vast,
Ten Thousand inauspicious Clouds of Ill;
Or SEEMING Ill : Mysterious Darknefs draws
Th' impervious Curtain o'er our future Hours,
Nor know we but the Present, and the Past.
The Past for ever vanish'd — ever gone :
The Present pain'd with Thorns of Discontent;
Th' approaching *Future* spurns our vain Essay.

Soliloquy XXIII.

Soliloquy XXIV.

UNFATHOMABLE is each unborn
Hour;

And in th' Occult of Heav'n its Head conceals
From curiously enquiring, abject Man!

Soliloquy XXV.

TH' eternal Purpose of th' ALMIGHTY
Mind

Let Dust and Ashes ne'er presume to scan.

Soliloquy. XXVI.

WHAT tho' from watry Clouds thy sickly
Sun
Emergent faintly shines? Yet fairer Days,
And brighter Suns their Influence may extend,
And gild thy EVE of Life with calm Repose.

Soliloquy XXVII.

SHALL Man of *present* Punishment complain?
Shall Man,* of Way unequal, dare, perverse
His MAKER charge with Inequality?

Shall Man† presumptuous, murm'ringly demand,
Why hath THY forming Hand wrought thus
my Fate?

Eternal Silence seize that Tongue profane,
Which thus recriminates! and, impious, thus
Provokes, nefandous, Heav'n's vindictive Ire!

* *Ezekiel.*

† *St. Paul.*

Soliloquy XXVIII.

WHOE'ER thou art that dar'st thy God
defy,
Think'st thou, absurd, that HE regards *thy* Rage?
Such Impotence of Spleen? No, Wretch, forbear.
With high Contempt, with infinite Disdain,
The Majesty of Heav'n thy Kick derides,
And scorns the Scorners! HE, with Pure in
Heart,
And humble Mind alone delights to dwell.

Soliloquy XXIX.

THEN bend, base Reptile, own thyself a
Worm;

And cover thee in Dust: Raise not on high
Thy Crest rebellious 'gainst thy *Maker's* Pow'r!
Th' Almighty Word, which into Being spoke
Those ultramundane Globes that round thee
swim:

Th' Almighty Word, which still their Course
controuls,

Bids them, or gild thy Night, or cease to shine:
Can * "like a fierce arm'd Man, from Heav'n
leap down"

In Indignation terrible array'd,
And to sulphureous Torture spurn thy Soul!

* *Apocrypha.*

Soliloquy XXX.

ABHORRENT of thy Sin-offenceful Ways,
Ah, then in Humiliation prostrate fall,
With penitent, Conviction-blushing Shame.
Pour forth to Him the supplicating Pray'r,
And earnest Deprecation. Penitence
Averts Almighty Vengeance, and recalls
Unbounded, infinite, eternal Love!
For Heav'n no Temple finds beneath the Skies,
Amidst innum'rous Worlds, or boundless Space,
Nor e'en thro'out Creation's copious Round,
More pleasing than a contrite humbled Heart.

Soli-

Soliloquy XXXI.

TO HEAV'N'S superior Pow'r commit thy
Cause:

To Heav'n's omniscient Will thy Will resign;
And humbly hope for Heav'n's divine Rewards.
Think not his gracious Chastizements severe:
His Chastizements are *Blessings*, kindly shew'r'd
To melt the harden'd Heart, and purify
The Sin-corrupted, ne'er-expiring Soul.

Soliloquy XXXII.

ESSENTIAL Diff'rence lies the Rod between

Of equitable Discipline and Love,
And wrathful Rod of unconsuning Fire.

Of *unconsuning Fire*? tremendous Threat!
Amazing to contemplate! How it sinks
E'en to Annihilation all those Mists
We weak, misconstruing Fools call ILLs below!

Obfer-

Observation.

TO these dark Dwellings of unceasing Pain,
Those Mansions of unspeakable Dismay!
(Where Devils yell terrific with Remorse,
And burning Oceans of resistless Flame
Rage horribly triumphant, pouring forth
Th' *Excandescency* of Wrath Divine)
Down headlong fall from Indolence and Ease,
From falsely-flatt'ring, swiftly-fleeting Mirth,
The smiling, thoughtless, Joy-deluded Throng!

Inference.

PLEASURE is, in Reversion, *real Pain*:
Pleasure pursued is mortal Foe to Bliss,
And Harbinger of everlasting Woe.
Who courts his Pleasure, courts a painted Shrew;
A gaudy Hypocrite of vile Renown,
Who * “wounds him flying, with a *Parthian*
Dart.”
Pleasure’s a Prostitute, debauching Souls,
And selling Immortality for nought;
Or worse—To purchase never-ending Pain.

* *Dryden.*

Invocation.

GREAT, Uncreated, Self-existent Pow'r;
Super-celestial Father of all Worlds:
My God! my Rock! my Refuge, Hope, and
Shield!
Pervading Searcher of my future Thoughts,
And Witness to the Secrets of my Soul:
Whate'er THY Will ordains that I shall bear
In this my changeful Scene of Life below;
Whether (if Months, or Years on Earth be
mine)
Thou frownest Punishment on ev'ry Hour,
Or glad'st with rising Peace my falling Day,
Uncontroverted stand that Will Divine!
Yet, O, indulgent to my ardent Pray'r,
Allow my first, my late, my last Request,
Save me from *Wrath to come*—from tenfold
Death!
From final Torments of *Eternal Fire*!

Conclusion.

THE gentle *Rod of Discipline* guides not
Our Steps to Hell, but points the Path
to Heav'n :

Controuls our Passions, and our Pride confounds ;
Rekindles Charity in human Hearts ;
Instates fair Virtue in her pristine Throne,
And sublimates Devotion to the Skies !

A Retro-



A
Retrospective View
OF
INDIGENCE;
OR,
The DANGER
OF
SPIRITUAL POVERTY.

A wounded Spirit, Who can bear?

SOLOM.

The Sting of Death is Sin.

ST. PAUL.

Truth is deposited with Man's last Hour,

An honest Hour, and faithful to her Trust!

YOUNG'S Night Thoughts.



THE
LIFE OF
HON. MR. A. POWELL

Retrospective View

OF

INDIGENCE

THE
LIFE OF
HON. MR. A. POWELL

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW

OF

THE LIFE OF

ST. PAUL

THE LIFE OF
HON. MR. A. POWELL
AND HIS WIFE
YOUNG'S NIGTH THOUGHTS

THE
LIFE OF
HON. MR. A. POWELL

T O T H E
Hon. Mrs. *Poyntz*,

T H I S
Retrospective View

O F
I N D I G E N C E

Is humbly Inscrib'd,

B Y

Her most obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.

1804
TO THE
Hon. Mrs. Poynter

THIS
Retrospective View
OF
INDIGENCE

Is humbly Inscribed,
D. V.
Her most obedient Servant,
The Author.



A

Retrospective View, &c.

A Few Days since a Person of my Acquaintance call'd on me, and told me she was just return'd from visiting the lately *gay* MELISSA, who was then only alive, but given over by all her Physicians.

—This unexpected Report smote me with sincere Concern, and deep Surprize! having seen her myself but a few Days before, and left her full of Spirits, Health, and Gaiety. I flew, overcome with Grief, to take my long, my *last* Farewel; and found the Room already full of weeping Relations, and pitying Friends. A Flood of sympathetic Tears burst from my Eyes, and I was, for a few Moments, lost in a Gulf of inexpressible Sorrow!

Melissa, who notwithstanding the Violence of her Disorder retain'd her Senses entirely perfect, address'd herself to those around her, with her usual

usual inimitable Eloquence (in broken Accents)
and Words to the following Effect.

I see, my dear Friends, the Concern with which
you behold me,

And I have no Reason to doubt the Sincerity
of your Sorrow :

But, alas!

How widely different is it, to *view* the Effects
of Death, and to *FEEL* its Terrors?

Many of You, perhaps, are sorry to lose, what
your Partiality induces you to esteem an agreeable
Companion, or a valuable Friend :

But *my* Sorrow proceeds from an inexhaustible
Source: I am going to launch,

UNPREPAR'D,

Into the unfathomable Depths of *Eternity*!

You know my Inclinations always led me to
associate with PEOPLE OF FASHION:

And to partake of all those *fashionable* FOLLIES,
in which they squander away their Time.

Dreſſing, Dancing, Plays, and Cards,

Parties of Pleasure, and public Diversions,

Have taken up all my Thoughts, and all my Care.

Youth prompted me to follow Vanity,

And Vanity led me into ten thousand Errors.

By

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By flattering myself with a long Series of *Years*
to come;

Years! in which Pleasure might possibly lose
its Relish:

I determin'd to satisfy my vitiated Appetite
with every Delight and every Joy.

I was far from imagining I should *so soon* be
summon'd to give an Account of my Actions.

And tho' I so often saw so many of my Ac-
quaintance dropping down into those gloomy
Regions from whence is no Return;

Dropping down!

In all their Bloom of Youth, with all their SINS
about 'em; yet, so infatuated was I,
As never once, *seriously* to consider on how slender
a Thread my own Life hung;

And, that the same Hour might behold me—
Full of the sparkling Vivacity of Health,
And a lifeless Clod of Clay!

For, if ever I *did* happen to reflect a Moment
on the Frailty of Life, it was never with any
Degree of Attention:

The last Satisfaction I had enjoy'd rush'd into
Remembrance; or, the next Amusement I was
going to share Part of would form itself in Idea
to my Mind,

And banish all Thoughts of Mortality!

'Tis

'Tis true, I fancied DEATH to be a terrible Monster; but then I fancied too, that he was a great way off:

And that it was a long Time ere I need trouble my Head with a Notion of his paying me a Visit.

Little considering,

That every accidental Pain in my Head, or Disorder in my Stomach, was a kindly Monitor,

To forewarn me of his Approach, and to remind me of his Power!

Those Checks of *Conscience* which I have often had, (and which I believe the most abandon'd sometimes feel)

I always endeavour'd to silence,

By promising to lead a *New Life* one Time or other:

Being evidently convinced that the Progress I had hitherto made would never purchase me a Crown of Glory.

But that Promise I could never find Time to fulfil:

For, some impertinent Vanity would ever be in the way, and throw a Bar across my Design.

How many frivolous Excuses have I made, to lull asleep the Remonstrances *Conscience* would make, of the terrible Condition of my Soul?

How

How many Purposes of Amendment have I broke, for the sake of tasting some *insipid* Pleasure, some trifling Delight?

What would I not now give for a very few of those many Days I have wasted in luxurious Vanity!

Nay, even for a few Moments of those Hours I have murdered in mere Nonsense and Emptiness.

Good God!

How ridiculously,

How contemptibly,

How unworthily a Being made for Immortality, has my Life been spent!

Perhaps, my dear Friends, *you* may be inclinable to think more favourably of me, than I think of myself:

But, it is because you don't *know* me, so well as I *know* myself:

Suppose I was never guilty of many enormous Vices?

Yet I never practis'd any one particular Virtue,

I mean in the Manner *Christianity* commands.

Had a grateful Sense of my *Saviour's* Doctrine and Sufferings inspir'd me (as it ought) with a reverential Fear of offending Him,

And an humble Hope of Acceptance, thro' a *lively* Faith in his Blood:

O

Then,

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Then, had an ardent Zeal for *Religion* and Holiness quicken'd me with a sincere Desire of living up to the *Dignity* of my Nature:

Then, had my Love to God, and a due Regard for his Honour and Glory, been the principal Motive of ALL my Actions:

But, alas!

Scarce an Action of my Life has ever been influenc'd by this supreme, self-satisfying Pleasure!

What Advantage will it be to my Salvation, that I went to Church for *Fashion-sake* when *Laziness* would let me?

And sat me there supinely down, to view the Behaviour of the Congregation, and to make my Remarks on their Drefs.

What will signify the few Shillings I have scatter'd to here and yonder Object, when Pounds were in my Power?

My Good-nature, alas, was my *only* Inducement, Unmingled with Gratitude to my heavenly Benefactor.

What will it avail me that I was honest and just for the Sake of REPUTATION?

And whence must I expect a Reward for Temperance and Chastity?

Since

Since my Motive to practise them might PER-
HAPS derive a *secret* Foundation from the Influ-
ence of Education;

And a *false* Fear of appearing ridiculous among
Friends and Acquaintance!

Trifling as these may appear to some People;

Trifling as they *once* appear'd to me:

Yet now they are dismaying Considerations.

Considerations, which wound my Heart.

And pierce my Soul with inconceivable Anguish!

Array'd in these most dreadful Robes, the Ap-
proach of the King of Terrors appears EXCEED-
ING terrible:

And, to my unspeakable Confusion, too late
convinces me of my amazing Stupidity!

His Dart it doubly poignant, now dip'd in
the Gall of irreparable Ruin.

Ten thousand thousand agonizing Tortures
rend me with unimaginable Grief and Woe!

You may probably suppose, since I have been
no such vile Wretch as too many are,

That therefore I need not accuse myself so
sharply, nor judge myself so severely as I have
now done:

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Were any of *you* in my Situation, and I in yours,

I should be apt to form the same Judgment, did I hear you make the same Reflections;

But the Case is quite alter'd with ME:

And I know, ——

I FEEL

That a great Number of LITTLE Sins,
And an *habitual, negligent* Indifference in regard
to Religion,

Is as justly liable to Damnation, and as capable of procuring it,

As a *few* notorious Vices.

Conscience is no false Accuser:

Its Dictates are ever highly reasonable;

Its Remonstrances are ever strictly just.

Had I been wise enough to have listen'd to the One, I should not have felt the Horror of being tormented with the Other.

A Death-bed is no flattering Mirrour;

Truth will then appear ineffably amiable, or dreadfully severe,

According to our Behaviour in THIS World, with respect to another.

In vain may People hope for a happy Death,
with-

without putting themselves to the Trouble of leading a religious Life:

In vain may they wrap themselves in a senseless Security;

And postpone the evil Day of Trouble and Darkness:

For they know not how soon Indignation and Wrath,

Tribulation, and Anguish,
May overtake, and come upon them.

ALAS!

How many Wretches are at this very Time tottering like *me* on the horrible Brink of tremendous Eternity!

Like me, trembling at the fearful Prospect of being they know not What, - they know not Where!

Happy had it been for Them,

Happy had it been for ME,

To have died in the Birth:

Before the Seeds of Sin had been rooted in our Hearts,

And the Flowers of Folly had spread themselves around!

Hope? I dare not!

Whereon should I build it?

My very Faith forbids me:

For that assures me, Without Holiness ~~NONE~~
can see the Lord.

* Infomuch, that *I* have nothing before me,
but a certain, fearful, looking-for of Judgment,
and fiery Indignation!

Egre-

* As these Expressions may make Way for some Objections,
from those who (by their Actions) appear to believe that
Faith without Works is sufficient to save them; I beg leave to
point out a few of those numerous Texts, from whence this
is evidently deducible.

Isaiab, Chap. 57, Verses 20, 21. The Wicked are like
the troubled Sea when it cannot rest, whose Waters sling up
Mire and Dirt: There is no Peace, saith my God, unto the
Wicked.

St. *Matthew*, Chap. 13, Verses 41, 42. The Son of
Man shall send forth his Angels, and they shall gather out
all Things which offend, and them which *do* Iniquity; and
shall cast them into a Furnace of Fire: There shall be
Weeping, and gnashing of Teeth.

St. *Luke*, Chap. 12, Verse 47. That Servant which
knew his Lord's Will, and prepared not himself, neither did
according to his Will, shall be beaten with many Stripes.
And again, Chap. 13, Verse 27. Depart from me all ye
Workers of Iniquity.

St. *Paul*,

Egregious Ideot that I was!

* To render my SAVIOUR'S Sufferings of no Effect to me,

By persisting against my Reason in the Error of my Ways.

I cannot expect the Almighty to reverse his everlasting Decrees in my Favour:

St. *Paul*, 1st Epistle to the *Corinthians*, Chap. 6, Verse 9. The Unrighteous shall not inherit the Kingdom of God.

St. *James*, Chap. 1, Verse 22. Be ye Doers of the Word, not Hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For, if any Man, &c. to the End. Likewise Chap. 2, from Verse 18, to the End.

St. *Peter*, Epistle 1, Chap. 4, Verses 17, 18. For the Time is come that Judgment must begin at the House of God; and if it first begin at *us*, what shall the End be of them that *obey not* the Gospel of God? And if the Righteous scarcely be saved, Where must the Ungodly and the Sinner appear?

See also St. *John*, Chap. 4, Verse 29. *Romans*, Chap. 2, from Verse 8, to Verse 13. *Timothy*, 1st Epistle, Chap. 5, Verse 6. *Titus*, Chap. 1, Verse 16. *Hebrews*, Chap. 10, from Verse 26, to Verse 31, and several others.

* Let none hereby imagine that I presume to derogate aught from our All-sufficient Saviour's Merits, by which alone we must be saved, and thro' which we expect and obtain Salvation. Nor would I thro' the whole be understood to

Then, Why should I expect the Reward,
Without having liv'd the Life of the Righteous?

HEAVEN indeed may pardon where it has not
promis'd;

For, infinite Mercy has no Bounds:

But—If infinite Justice *must* be satisfied,

* What have I not to fear from HIM “ who
“ rewardeth every Man according to his
“ Works?”

mean any more, than what we may reasonably suppose to
spring from that terrible Conflict between Death and Sin, in
a Person of this Turn of Mind, when advancing upon the
Verge of Eternity. Far from encouraging Despair, my
Design is only to alarm the Indolent. “ * What meanest
“ thou O Sleeper? Arise, Call upon thy God. † Behold,
“ *now* is the accepted Time; behold, *now* is the Day of
“ Salvation! ‡ To-Day therefore, if ye will hear his Voice,
“ harden not your Hearts; || ye know not what shall be on
“ the Morrow; for, what is your Life? It is even a Va-
“ pour, that appeareth for a little Time, and then vanisheth
“ away. § Wherefore, be ye also READY; for, at such
“ an Hour as ye think not *your Dissolution* cometh.”

* *Jonas.*

† *St. Paul.*

‡ *David.*

|| *St. James.*

§ *St. Matthew.*

* Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever
a Man soweth, *that* shall he reap. *St. Paul.*

Very

Very many of my Acquaintance I have often
heard to wish themselves in my State of Life:

Because they saw I had what I pleas'd,
Did what I pleas'd,
And went where I pleas'd;
And that none of the Things *falsely call'd* Good
in this World were with-held from me:

They therefore concluded me Happy.

Delusive Dream!

Erroneous Judgment!

They fancied me happy,
When surrounded by poisonous Pleasures,
And wallowing in baleful Joys,

A H!

Did the most abject Mortals who were ever
tempted to wish themselves in my Condition,
see me *now*,

How little Cause would they see for Envy!

With what unspeakable Pleasure,
With what rapturous Delight,
Could I exchange this Bed of Down, and all its
gaudy Finery,
This stately Seat, and all its pompous Ornaments,
With a BEGGAR,
For a Wisp of Straw, and a *peaceful Conscience!*

ALAS!

ALAS!

Were all who envy the Possessors of Riches and
Honour,

To be Witnesses at the Exit of the Rich and
Honourable,

They need not desire a more convincing Proof
of the Vanity and Emptiness of all earthly
Enjoyments:

For they are unavailable in the Day of
Languishing,

And in our LAST Necessity vanish into
nothing.

Had I but consider'd the Unprofitableness and
Folly of adhering to terrestrial Baubles before it
was too late;

I should not *now* be lamenting the dismal
Consequences of an ill-spent Life:

I should not *now* have felt the *amazing Terrors*
of a wounded Spirit!

Let my *dying* Words

In my DYING Moments

Have Effect enough on you my Friends,
To persuade you to forsake your darling Follies,
And all their trifling Appendages.

You are all, at present, in Youth, and Health,
and Strength: But

But yet, you know not in how short a Time
you may be summon'd to appear before the Lord
of Glory.

And if you, like ME, endeavour to hurry all
the Thoughts of a future Reckoning out of your
Heads,

And to stifle the Calls of your *friendly Monitor*
within ;

—Most severe will be your Death-bed Anguish:
Eternity will be a Terror to your Souls!

Let me admonish you to prepare immediately
for your last, most dreadful Change :

That you may be able to meet Death with
Courage and Fortitude ;

And not shudder at his Approach with Con-
fusion and Dismay.

A Time is coming,
(And Heaven knows, may very shortly come)

When you will—when you MUST reflect, “on
all the solemn Horrors of the last TREMENDOUS
DAY.” *

That DAY!

In which your most secret Sins will be openly
proclaim'd before the Angels of God,

And all Generations of Men.

That DAY!—

Which

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Which will make the most Upright tremble,
How much more the wicked and ungodly Sinner!

If you are determin'd to persist in the Error of
your Ways,

How amazing—

How confounding—

How distracting will be at last, the dreadful
Consideration!

But——Be advis'd.

Don't venture to entertain a Notion that the
Prime of your Life may be spent in Ease and
Indolence;

Or squander'd away in Voluptuousness and
Vice:

For, the grim Tyrant *Death* may knock sud-
denly at your Doors,

And surprize you in the midst of all your
Extravagance and Folly.

He spares not Youth, nor Age:

No Art can evade,

No Power subdue,

Nor Speed escape his Stroke.

For he flies on the Swift,

He conquers the Strong,

And catches the Crafty in their Cunning!

See

See before you a miserable Object of his Impartiality.

SEE

And acknowledge the Long-suffering and Mercy of God toward you,

That he hath hitherto with-held his fiery Indignation :

And hath not yet made you the Vessels of his Wrath.

You cannot be too deeply sensible of this undeserved Favour ;

And the only way of shewing your Gratitude

Will be, to dedicate the Remains of Time he graciously allows you to his Service.

Renounce your Vanities—

Break off your ill Habits—

Conquer your Vices—

Repent of your Sins!

This is the only Method to appease your injur'd, angry, ALMIGHTY MAKER :

Whose Rod of Vengeance is ready in his Hand,

And who can tell how soon it may arrest and smite the guilty Sinner?

Awake from your Lethargy!

Shake off your Stupefaction!

And learn by my Example the Danger of Delay.

O, Learn : —

Before

Before Darkneſs and the Grave are ready to receive you,

And Death and Deſtruction encompaſs you round!

Believe me when I tell you from ſad Experience,
That Riches, and Honour, and Pleaſure,
(When made our chief, or only Satisfaction)
Purchase nothing for us in our laſt Diſtreſs,
But Remorſe, and Miſery, and everlaſting Pain :
They are deceitful, pernicious, precarious and contemptible.

Adapted only to vitiate, debaſe, and poiſon
the ſuperior Faculties of the immortal Soul.

Therefore ſet not your Affections on ſuch malignant Objects,

But raiſe them up to the eternal Fountain of
real Happineſs and true Delight :

From Him flow inceſſant Springs of Felicity;
And in his Service alone is to be found perfect
Freedom, Peace, and Joy.

A Courſe of Life led in the Paths of Virtue and
Religion, is the only Way to procure Comfort on
Earth,

And unfading Blifs and Glory in Heaven.

Is it not aſtoniſhing, that I ſhould be thorough-

ly

ly persuaded in the Truth of this momentous
Affair?

And yet defer leading a Life suitable to such
a Conviction!

Is it not astonishing, that I should sincerely *be-*
lieve the great Necessity of providing for Eternity?

And yet neglect, or rather, never concern my-
self about it!

Alas!

I never regarded the WANT of Grace, till I
consider'd the Consequences of the Loss of Glory:
But now that my Soul and Body are to be separated,

The One to sleep in the Dust of Death;

The Other to awake in endless Duration;

Inexpressible Anxiety surrounds me!

The heavy Burthen of my Sins most grievous-
ly oppresseth me:

And the terrific Horrors of a troubled Consci-
ence —

Seize me with Pangs much greater,

More severe and pungent —

Than those of Death itself!

“ How manifold are my Transgressions, O my God!

My Wickednesses are gone over my Head,

My Iniquities encompass me round!

Guilt distracts my Heart,

And

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And Anguish wounds my Soul!

Thy Displeasure I have justly merited,
And my Flesh trembleth for fear of Thy Wrath :
I will humble myself to the Earth before Thee,
I will abhor myself in Dust and Ashes.

O turn not then Thy Face from me,
But have Mercy upon me, and hearken to my
Prayer!

For, innumerable Troubles are come about
me!

My Sins have taken such Hold upon me that I
am not able to look up,

They are more in Number than the Hairs on
my Head,

And my Heart faileth me!

But thro' Faith in Thy Merits, O SAVIOUR of
the World!

And in Hope of Thy tender Mercies:

I presume, with the utmost Humiliation, to
acknowledge and bewail before Thee the Multi-
tude of my Sins.

Thou knowest the Number,

Thou knowest the Nature of them all:

And thou knowest no less

With what Ardency of Desire,

With what Sincerity of Soul,

I beg

I beg to apply Thy most precious Blood, as a
sovereign Balm to heal my wounded Spirit.

O THOU! who wast sacrific'd for Sinners;

O THOU! who hast died for Mankind;—

Wash me thoroughly from my Wickedness,
and cleanse me from my Sins!

O LORD, I confess I have corrupted my Ways
before Thee:

I am ashamed, and blush at the Remembrance
of my Deeds!

But, O Merciful Father, most justly offended,
Yet, full of Compassion, Forgiveness, and Love;

Let the Merits of my Saviour, and the Sincerity
of my Repentance!—

In the BITTERNESS OF MY SOUL! —

Atone for my Sins.

Remember not my numberless Offences against thee,

But spare me, Good Lord, spare Thy Servant;

Thy afflicted, repenting Servant,

Whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious
Blood,

And be not angry with me *for ever!*

Turn me O Lord, and I shall be turned:

Save me, and I shall be saved:

Heal Thou my Soul, for I am a miserable
Sinner in Thy Sight!

P

Thou

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Thou knowest, Lord, the Secrets of my Heart;
Shut not thy merciful Ears against my Pray'r:

But spare me, O Lord God most Holy!

O Lord most mighty!

O Holy and most merciful SAVIOUR,

Thou most worthy Judge Eternal!

Suffer me not, in this my *last Hour*, to fall:

Enlarge and enliven my Faith as my Strength
decreaseth ———

Even in Death enable me to trust in Thee!

AMEN!"

As to you, my dear Companions;

You, who have known my Manner of Life,

You, who have partly led the same:

Let me once more most earnestly intreat you,

Intreat you, for the Sake of your immortal Souls,

Immediately to set about the great Work of
your Salvation.

Consider how far the Night is spent:

Consider how near your Day draws on.

Consider how nearly it must *then* concern you
to cast off your Works of Darknes, and put on
the Armour of Light.

" Therefore, *from henceforth*, walk *honestly*, as
" in the Day —

" Put ye ON IMMEDIATELY *the Lord Jesus Christ*,

" And

“ And make not Provision for the Flesh

“ *To fulfil the Lusts thereof.*”

Much more I have in my Heart to say — but —

Utterance fails me —

I find my Senses departing —

An everlasting Farewel —

Remember my *Words* — and my *WOE!*

Endeavour *so to live*, that you may *never fear*
to DIE!

God, in his Mercy to your Souls, grant that my —

EXAMPLE — — —

— — — — —

Uplifted Hands and dying Groans finish'd the
Sentence much more emphatically, than the most
expressive Words in the most elaborate Stile!

I leave it to the Reader to judge how sincerely
and deeply such an Acknowledgment must touch
the Hearts of all who heard it: And especially,
when they figure to themselves the Condition and
Circumstances of the Person who made it.

It is not to be doubted, that many who read
this Representation, may know, in the Circle of
their Acquaintance, some one or other who partly
resembles the Character *Melissa* here gives of
herself:

If

If any *giddy Female* should haply see her own Portrait in this Mirrour, let *her* apply the Advice that *Melissa* gives, seriously home to her own Conscience. Or, let her suppose *Melissa* to be an Acquaintance of hers, and that she was one of those Friends who heard her dying Complaints, and saw her expiring Agonies: And Thus supposing, Let her continue in her Stupefaction if she can!

For, if after such an awakening Call, such an alarming Summons, she still persists in heaping Folly upon Folly, and Vanity upon Vanity, I must beg Leave to assure her (though she is the finest Lady under Heaven, and may resent my Sincerity as an Affront) that she is much deeper sunk in Insensibility than the very worst of *Melissa's* Hearers.

F I N I S.

E R R A T U M.

Page 194, L. 18. for *here and yonder Object*, read *here and yonder a miserable Object*. 23 JY 68